

 *The*
CRITERION
1912

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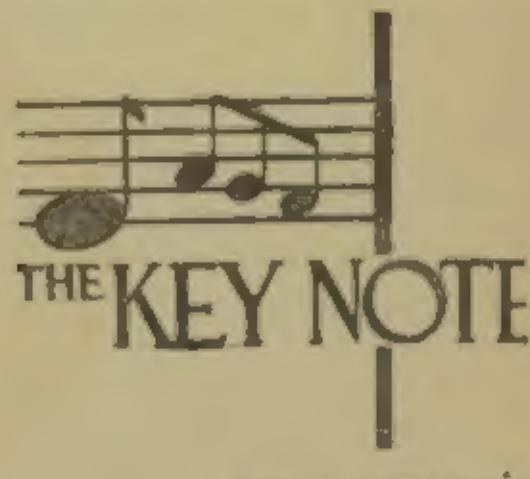
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George Henry Bruce

WE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS
ANNUAL



GEORGE HENRY BRUCE

The CRITERION

VOL. VIII. NO. 3.

ARDMORE, OKLA., MAY, 1912

Price 25c

George Henry Bruce

Mr. G. H. Bruce, to whom this volume is dedicated, was born in Orange County, Vt., April 23, 1841. When he was 18 years of age he and his brother, S. R. Bruce, came south and settled in Gonzales County, Texas, where they lived until the opening of the Civil War.

True to their adopted home, he and his brother espoused the cause of the Confederacy, and joined Terry's Texas Rangers, Company E. With this company he saw active service throughout the entire war, and fought with three of the greatest cavalry leaders this country has ever seen: John H. Morgan, Nathan Bedford Forrest and Joe Wheeler. Following such leaders as these necessarily took him into many of the fiercest battles of this terrible war. He was wounded twice—once in the left arm, and once in the left leg. Throughout the entire struggle he was brave and loyal, as is evidenced by the fact that on one occasion, when he had carried his brother off the field, who had been wounded by a grape shot, they fell into the hands of the enemy, who offered to pay their transportation back to any point in the north, but he sternly refused to accept anything at their hands.

It is quite a coincidence that he and his brother, S. R. Bruce, were combatants throughout the entire war on the Confederate side, and had two other brothers who went all the way through the war in the federal army.

Just as the war was closing, this brave young Confederate cavalryman met, wooed and won Miss Mattie Reeves of Oglethorpe, Ga., whom he married on April 14, 1865. Possibly there has never been a happier union than this one. They have four children today, two sons and two daughters: C. P. Bruce and Stanley R. Bruce of Oklahoma City, Mrs. S. M. Torbett of Ada, and Mrs. H. E. Foster of this city.

After the close of the war Mr. Bruce came to Hunt County, Texas, where he lived until Feb. 14, 1890, when he moved to this city. For a number of years he engaged in the saddle and harness business. About ten years ago he accepted the city clerkship of this city, at the earnest solicitation of many of the principal city officials, and has held the office continuously from that time to this.

He was a member of the first board of education ever organized in this city, and has been a member continuously from that time to this. He has assisted in building up from a mere beginning one of the greatest systems of schools in the southwest, and has contributed largely toward its rapid and successful development. Possibly there is no other person in the entire city who knows all the details in connection with the schools as well as he.

Possibly there is no one in this city who is so gentle, uniformly courteous and kind and sympathetic with every one as he. In fact, these qualities have won for him the love of the entire city, and every one feels so kindly toward him that he is affectionately known as "Uncle George Henry."

Besides his work for the city and the schools, he is secretary of nearly all the lodges and every other organization with which he is connected, and no man is more careful about the details of his work than is "Uncle George."

The faculty and student body, with one accord, wish for him many more happy years filled with pleasure and kindly ministration.



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Some Marks of Growth

Another school year is ending. And as it passes into history, one naturally asks whether any progress has been made. If there have been any victories, any triumphs, what are they? In these times when improvement and

has contributed its full quota to the growth of previous years. In the following paragraphs reasons for this belief will be stated as tersely as possible.

No school can be better than its teaching



C. W. RICHARDS

growth are going on in every other department of human activity, the school and the school system which stands still is not doing the work to which it is called.

For several years the people of Ardmore and others who have come to look in upon the schools have believed that our schools are second to none in the state. We believe this year

staff. And a new plan in teacher improvement has been tried. Each week of the year the teachers of the various wards have met together for professional study. A 4-volume set of books, "Public School Methods," has been used as the basis of this work. One chapter has been selected by the superintendent of schools for each week's study, and an hour given,

(Continued on page 85)

E D I T O R I A L

***The CRITERION****Issued by Students of Ardmore High School*

This issue of THE CRITERION is the last under the present management. It will be henceforth under a different and a more competent editor. In looking back over the year's work, the editor now sees many places where improvement could have been made, yet our duty will be judged, not by what we could have done, but by what we have done. If we have been able to put out a magazine of which you are proud, then good and well, and we deserve no credit other than that given to any one who does his duty. But if we have not given you a paper which is a credit to our school, then we deserve the censure which always follows uncreditable work. However, we have no apologies to make, nor excuses to give.

The work has been a pleasure. The editor has had no reason to complain at any time, for the members of the staff have worked long and faithfully. Pleasure has been given up for their editorial work. The work has, indeed, been a pleasure and a privilege.

In behalf of the staff, I want to thank the students of the high school for the interest they have continuously manifested in our work. You have been behind the undertaking,

and made it a pleasure for the staff to work, for they felt that it was something worth while. Also, I want to thank the faculty for the interest they have shown in our work. No one person, no set of persons, however competent, can successfully carry through this work without their help and encouragement.

Just one word more: When this paper is under the new management, next year, feel, as you have never before, that THE CRITERION is yours and published for you. Push as you have never before pushed, make for higher and nobler things in the school life, and say that your school journal shall be better each year, by helping all you can.

The final word: I thank you for the great honor you have given me during my school life; I thank the staff for the advice and help they have given, and the teachers, for their patience with me, and the public in general for their many encouraging words.

The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head so late hath been;
The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his own but yester e'en;
The mother may forget the babe
That smiled so sweetly on her knee;
But forget thee will I ne'er,
And all thou hast done for me.

THE EDITOR.



ROYCE KRUEGER
Line-o'-Type



ERNEST HENDON
Editor



GENEVIEVE NIVOCHIE
Assistant Editor

GEORGE ANDERSON
Athlete



HAROLD DIZIER
Historian



CLAIRE DYK
Society



MARJ REED
Dreamer



FORD ELEANOR BARRY
Exchange



FREEMAN GALL
Artist

*Journey to City of Knowledge***CLASS HISTORY****2311**

Now it came to pass in the ninth month of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and nine, that a certain class of people¹, led by certain disciples², began a journey which would lead them to the wonderful City of Knowledge.

Now it happened that these children had, in years before, been led by other disciples by smaller paths³, some filled with stones⁴, but others with flowers. The path⁵ which they now followed was so new and beautiful that the children would fain have gone alone, but the disciples smiled among themselves and called the children Sophomoreites. And so they followed diligently the teachings of the disciples, their way was pleasant and their number large and the disciples loved them greatly.

And they continued in the walk the next year, and the disciples called them Juniorites. And lo! many were the thorns and rocks in the road, and they were sad in spirit, and the disciples reproved them often and spake

¹Known as students

²Known as teachers

³In the grades

⁴Exams

⁵A.H.S.

⁶Plunked

⁷Better known as
"study"

⁸Two new senior
girls

⁹Geometry, Latin,
science, etc.

harshly to them, and many fell⁶ by the wayside, and some took other roads where they could journey on more slowly, and still others turned back. And those that were left wept often, and no one comforted them, and they feared they would never reach the City Beautiful.

The students were brave and good, so they kept on their journey, and the disciples called them Seniorites, and they were happy, because they knew that they had almost reached the City.

Now it came to pass, since their path was winding, that sometimes from the top of the mountains of Duty⁷ they caught glimpses of the City Beautiful.

And from the valley two virgins⁸ came and joined them, and all were happy.

But alas! they came to rivers wide⁹ and deep and stony paths¹⁰, where the thorns met, and they could not have gone on, but for the loving help of the disciples. And the disciples crowned them with laurels sometimes,

2312

CLASS HISTORY

And the people¹¹ who followed not in the path envied them and said dark things among themselves, but the happy students heeded them not.

As they neared the gate, the disciples spake to them, saying, "Ye good and faithful servants, ye have done well, and now choose one among yourselves to be your leader, for are ye not drawing near to the time when the disciples will no longer be with you?" And they chose one, Ernest¹², known for his class spirit and earnestness, and they were well pleased.

Then the disciples gave each student a piece of parchment¹³, on which the events of the journey were in-

"Those mentally dead and buried

Hendon

Diploma

Ye good and faithful

scribed, and by this they could enter the City of Knowledge.

And the disciples warned the students thus: "Verily, I say unto you, some there be who wish to come into the City, and cannot, for the gate is narrow and it may perhaps be closed before you can squeeze through, but go joyfully, with your parchment in your hand, and meekly walk through. Inside the City is eternal joy."

Then, bidding the disciples farewell, with their robes drawn around them and singing, they passed through the gate and traversed the streets of the City of Knowledge, and were happy.

B. G., '12.

Reflections of a Senior

The days are long and bright and cheery,

But they drag and the hours seem so weary.

The pupils try the lesson to tell,

But, alas, they don't succeed so well,

For the day is bright and cheery.

Be still yet a while and try to hear,

For exams., like vacation, are drawing near.

Learn a few more lessons and you will be

From all such worries and cares quite free,

And the day will be bright and cheery.



WALTER DREW.—Member of boys' glee club, '11; historian of Curriehow, '11; valedictorian. He is a quiet boy and an excellent pupil.

LOIS GOF.—Member of girls' glee club and senior girls' sextette, '12. She is just a nice, sweet girl and in for a good time.



GOLDA BOWMAN.—Vice-president of class and Philomathem, '12; member of girls' glee club, '11, '12; senior girls' sextette, '12; class historian; winner of silver medal in oratorical contest, '12; president of girls' glee club, '12; secretary of Philomathem '11. "To see her is to love her, and love but her forever."

JOE FRANK WILLIAMS.—Member of high school orchestra, '11 and '12; member of boys' glee club, '11 and '12; member of Ardmore high school play, '11 and '12, football team, '11 and '12, track team, '11 and '12. "God bless the man who invented sleep!"



HELEN TERRY.—High school pianist. Her life is in her music. "I teach my lips to sweetest smiles."

ROBERT CRITTENDEN.—He is a very bashful boy around the girls, and yet is very fond of them.

LELAND MCNEES.—Vice-president of class '11; vice-president of Philomathean, '11; president of Philomathean, '12; member of boys' glee club, '11 and '12; member of senior boys' quartette, '12; member of A. H. S. play, '11 and '12; winner of gold medal in oratorical contest, '12; winner in S. E. oratorical contest, '12.

MAUDE WILBORN.

"Never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and homebred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence."



ROYCE KRUEGER.—Member of editorial staff '11 and '12; member of glee club '12; member of boy's quartette '12. His sole desire is to make others laugh.



WILLIAM FRAME.—Member of boys' glee club '11 and '12; football '10 and '11; baseball '10 and '11. He is especially well-liked by the girls.



GEORGE ANDERSON.—Member of track team '11 and '12; member of boys' glee club '11 and '12; member of boys' quartette '12; representative in oratorical contest '11; member of A. H. S. debating team. He's a fine athlete and admired by all.



KARL WEITH.—Member of boys' glee club '12. He's noted for his voice '12. And when he laughed, we thought of a Rocky Mountain nightingale.



LOIS BRADFORD.—Studies her beloved textbooks from morning until night.

WILLIS BYNUM.—There's a lot of common sense behind that bold exterior.



MAMIE WHITE.—Came from Tennessee and entered the senior class of 1912, member of girls' glee club and senior girls' sextette. "She is reserved and very dignified in manner.

ADDIE LOU MORGAN.—Came to Ardmore from Miss (the after-mentioned) the senior class of 1912. "A girl, very slender, with deep and soulful eyes."



ESSIE WINSTON.—"Beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face."



JACK BREAKMORE.—He's the smallest in the class, and the mascot of the set.



Harold Ditzler.—Member track team, '11 and '12; member of high school play, '12; Class S. C. '12. He is as nice as he says.



CLAIRE DYER.—Treasurer and secretary of class '12; society editor of CRITERION, '12. She is just a modest little maiden.



WAYNE DRYAS.—Member of track team, '11 and '12. He is a first rate fellow. "Let the world slide; I'll not budge an inch."



DAVIS BRANS.—"A greater mind than tongue," and "such a talker few of good respect."



PHILIP NELSON.—Member of track team, '11 and '12. Philip is a fine athlete and a friend to every one.



JENNIE SMITH.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."



ELIZABETH GWENN.—She is fond of books,
great loves and great hates—she is a
girl.

ALPHERUS RINGER.

"And as they went on the wonder
grew,
How one small head could carry all he
knew."



CONSTANCE MANSFIELD.—"Meek loveliness
is round thee spread, a softness still and
holy."

GLADYS HOLT.

"If she would just tell all she knew,
She'd teach a lot to quite a few."



FAY WILLIAMS.—"She is just a wee little thing, and dear to all who know her."

MARY ROSSINGTON. Her life is made up of joy and merriment."



GENEVIEVE NIVOUCHE.—Member of girls' glee club, '11 and '12; member of senior girls' sextette, — secretary of girls' glee club, '12; representative in oratorical contest, '10; winner of gold medal in Carter County declamation contest, '12; member of high school play, '11 and '12; poet of CRITERION, '11; assistant editor of CRITERION, '12; clerk of house of representatives, '10; clerk of senate, '11; salutatorian. "Even darkness does not hide her smile."



ERNEST HENDON.—President of class, '11 and '12; member of boys' glee club, '12; member of high school play, '11; president of athletic association, '11; assistant editor of CRITERION, '11; editor-in-chief of CRITERION, '12; president of senate, '12; president of Philomathean Society, '11; representative in oratorical contest, '11; member and captain of high school debating team, '12. He is a fine fellow and the favorite of the class.



MARGARET VERNOR.—Member of girls' glee club, '11 and '12; member of senior girls' sextette, '12; vice-president of girls' glee club, '12.

"She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me."

THE CRITERION

(May,

SENIOR CLASS CENSUS

ASPIRATION
BY WORD
REMARKS

ASPIRATION BY WORD

Class Prophecy

"Oh, girls! did you ever see a lovelier day? Why, the sun is shining so bright, the buds on the trees are peeping their heads out of their tiny green coats and the birds are trilling their songs here and there, until it seems as if spring, in all its glory and splendor, has come at a single bound. And look at this lilac bush, with its fragrant blossoms all covered with glittering drops of dew. Isn't it a shame we can't have spring the whole year round?"

"But look, girls; here comes the postman, and he's coming right in here, too. I wonder—I wonder who it's for?" I took the letter.

"When, where have I seen that handwriting? Its delicate lines and shading?" Still musing thus, I read:

"Miss Lois Goff, art supervisor, University Ontario, Toronto, Canada."

Opening the letter, a delicate fragrance arose from within. But what was on the tiny card which had fallen out?

"Miss Connie Mansfield, primary teacher, Manila, Philippine Islands."

"Well, I should say it's time she is answering my letter, but then I suppose she is so very interested in the development of those young Philippines' minds, that her time is well taken up."

I opened the letter and read:

"Dear Lois: Am so glad that your vacation is drawing near. My school will be out in two weeks, and oh how glad I will be! Don't forget to let me know as soon as possible on what day you intend to leave Toronto. Am making preparations for your visit, and know we will have the best time ever. Will see you soon. Love from CONN."

I had written Connie some time ago that I would spend the greater part of my visit with her in the Philippines, but would make, however, several stops on my way. According to my plans, I would go to Chicago and visit my

old friend, Mrs. Morris, and from there make a short visit to San Francisco, after which I would take the trans-oceanic aeroplane for the Philippines.

But perhaps you do not know whom I mean when I say Mrs. Morris. Do you remember a little timid *madchen*, named Essie Winston, but whom every one called "Deacon"! Her "Deacon" has even gone higher, and is pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in Chicago.

A week later found me seated on her cool, shady veranda. We were discussing the senior class in general, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, do you remember Jack Bleakmore, who used to go by the name of 'Tom Thumb'! Well, last week I picked up the paper and, to my surprise, I saw on the first page a large photograph, over which was written in glaring red letters, 'Bleakmore, the World's Champion Prize Fighter, at the Bynum Theater, June 12, 1920!'"

If you will but recall the looks of Jack Bleakmore when he was a senior, you may imagine how surprised I was at this sudden statement. And could the "Bynum Theater" belong to our "funny man," Willis! Yes, that was exactly who it was, but he is not alone in this cruel world, and has taken as his able helper and adviser, our old friend and classmate, Jennie Smith.

We were indeed so deeply interested in our conversation that we had not noticed a lad of 10 years, who was by this time at the steps, and who handed us a bill and departed. Looking over it, our eyes suddenly rested on the cast of "My Irish Pal," to be played on the following night by the McNees Krueger Stock Company: "Pat O'Flanagan," leading man, Royce Krueger; "Judy Tillhurst," leading lady, Lillian Dunton; "Sir Joseph Tillhurst," Harold Ditzler; "Aunt Phoebe Castaway," Golda Bowman; "Sally," the maid, Helen

Terry. Still scanning the page, I read: "Twenty-five (25) chorus girls, among whom will appear the well-known ballet dancers, Gladys Holt and Fay Williams."

It is needless to say that, after seeing this entire cast was made up of members of the class of '12, the following night found us seated in our boxes when the curtain rose. The play was a success from beginning to end, and I found that my friend, Royce Krueger, had even a larger scope of wit than he had when a senior.

After a delightful four days' visit with Essie, I made ready to continue my journey to San Francisco, where I would remain a few days. On entering the aeroplane, a lady came up to me and introduced herself as Mrs. Hendon. She had recognized me, but, try I ever so hard, I could not place her. As I stood looking at her, I saw a peculiar smile flit over her face. That odd smile could belong to none other than Claire Dyer, our old geometry lover. I learned that she also was going to San Francisco, and I was assured of her company all the way. She spoke of her husband several times throughout the journey. Ernest had become a civil engineer of great distinction.

As we were quietly talking, we were suddenly aroused by the cry of the newsboys: "Chicago Tribune—don't fail to read the new serial story by Genevieve Nivoche, entitled, 'Consoling Words to Old Maids!'"

But who was that gray-haired gentleman directly across from us? How familiar his face looked. He was peacefully sleeping, with an open book in his hand. After a few hours of undisturbed slumber he opened his eyes, looked around him as if wondering where on this earth he was, and we saw that it was "Speedy" Williams. Later he came over and talked with us and told us the whereabouts of many of our classmates.

Walter Pittman was posing for the cartoonist of the New York *Herald*. It is said that he is quite a leader of the socialist party.

Gertrude Alexander and Margaret Vernor had gone abroad to cultivate their voices and would no doubt return with world-wide fame.

Philip Neilson was making good and leading in athletics at the University of Oklahoma.

James Bivens was traveling with a carnival and had the distinction of being the fattest man in the world.

Bessie Gwinn had become president of the Women's Federated Clubs of America.

Our conversation was cut short only too soon by our arrival in San Francisco. Nevertheless, we had enjoyed our discussion of old times. How strange it seemed to be coming in contact with so many of our classmates.

The next day found me in San Francisco. My friend and I were walking down the street, when we met a woman who wanted to know if we would not like to buy a box of face paint. Yes, it was Mamie White, selling to other people the very same kind she used in the eleventh grade.

The next morning we went to a little suburb just out of the city. As we were neuring this small village, sweet strains of music floated upon our ears. As we neared, we discovered it to be a hallelujah bunch. There stood Mary Rossington, Maude Wilborn, Robert Crittenden, Carl Weith and Addie Lou Morgan, singing their songs till they echoed over hills and valleys. But who was the man standing before them and leading them in their songs? Well, well, if it wasn't Alpheus Ringer.

We passed on. On the next corner was a man who seemed evidently to be the center of attraction, for there was such a crowd around him that we could hardly get a peep. Then I heard a somewhat musical voice:

"Now look pleasant—see this little bird," and then he would yell: "Right this way, ladies and gentlemen; right this way to have your pictures taken. Have your picture made while you wait!"

We made our way through the crowd, only

to behold George Anderson! But who was the man in blue overalls who was having his picture taken? Why, it was Walter Drew, of course. Well, I might have known those eyes.

I had been in San Francisco for four days, and had indeed had a delightful visit. I was to take the trans-oceanic aeroplane on the following morning and sail for the Philippines.

The next day was an ideal one for my flight. On this trip I did not meet any of my former classmates, with the exception of one, Billie Frame, who had become an aviator of great renown.

I spent the remainder of my vacation with Connie. How often did we sit talking together of those many happy school days, which would never return. I had heard of every member of the senior class except one. Yes, I had heard of them all, for Connie had informed

me that Lois Bradford was in Switzerland, studying art, and was making quite a success.

I returned after two months to my home in Toronto, with new zeal and vigor and ready for work.

So here's to the class of 1912,
Thirty-five in number,
Who at their work so hard did delve,
The people looked in wonder,
Through all these many years
We've drifted far apart,
But may we for each other
Have a warm place in our heart.
And when life's journey is ended,
And you have gone above,
May all the seniors greet you
With the same old steadfast love.

L. V. G., '12.

Class Will

We, the senior class of 1912 of the Ardmore High School, conscious of the uncertainty of earthly glory, realizing that the end of our high-school career is near at hand, possessed of our usual unsoundness of mind and deficiency of memory, laying aside all worldly vanity that doth so easily beset us, do hereby make and declare, publish and proclaim, revoking all other wills heretofore made, and doubtless their name is legion, this to be our last will and testament:

I, Ernest Hendon, president of the class of 1912, do hereby will and bequeath to the junior president all of my official belongings, consisting of one ton of patience to be used during the class wranglings, one threadbare smile and a little sack of hair snatched out in my wildest excitement.

We, James Bivens, Bessie Gwinn and Alpheus Ringer, will our entire knowledge of geometry, together with our knowledge of as-

tronomy, to our junior friends, Pauline Hall and Roe Ikard.

I, Helen Terry, do hereby will to Mae Roberts, my fellow sufferer in music, my ability to please Mr. Richards by playing *classical* marches for the lower grades to leave chapel, and my melodious outbursts of ragtime to be used in her chosen profession of "pounding the ivories."

We, Mary Rossington and Claire Dyer, do bequeath the senior dance hall to any junior desiring Mr. Hodges' scorn and displeasure.

I, Royce Krueger, do hereby bequeath my editorship of the famous "Line-o'-Type" and my dunce cap to the third year German class.

We, Margaret Vernor and Maude Wilborn, do bequeath our "dawning" interest in the visiting football teams to our similarly interested friends and school mates, Ruth Blake, Elise Potter, and Norma Lawson.

We, Billie Frame and Jennie Mae Smith,

do hereby will to our unsuspecting history followers, our extraordinary assignments, and our ability to write special reports after months of agonizing effort.

I, Joe Frank Williams, will my ability to sleep through any recitation, disregarding subject, place or teacher, and my title of "speedy," too, to any one.

We, Fay Williams and Gladys Holt, hereby will our faculty for knowing how to seem to be the meekest and most dignified girls in school, to our ardent admirers and perpetual imitators, Lucy Jones and Callie Thompson.

I, Leland McNees, do hereby bequeath my unlimited knowledge of my good looks, also one can of midnight oil, used in acquiring my information on Roberts' Rules of Order, to Paul Prune.

We, Essie Winston, Walter Drew and George Anderson, do hereby bequeath that entrancing study, physics, upon which our enthusiastic professor waxes eloquent, to any one who invites gray hairs, furrowed brows and a final resting place in an insane asylum.

I, Mamie White, will to the junior girls my recipe for making and preserving a beautiful complexion.

We, Lois Virginia Goff and Robert Crittenden, bequeath our most faithful guardian and overseer, Miss Moffet, to the juniors, with the hope that she will make their study periods as interesting and exciting as she has made ours.

I, Constance Mansfield, will and bequeath my diary of "Teddy," one box of faded flowers, one package of gushing sentimentality, one basin of crystallized tears and one bag of heartaches to the senior who shall occupy my desk next year.

We, Golda Bowman and Lois Bradford, do hereby agree to bestow upon Georgia Simpson our propensity for street flirtations, our devotion to dime novels and our mischievous ways.

We, Genevieve Nivoche and Lillian Dutton, bestow our great personal charms, our

catchy jokes, our luxuriant hair, to our less fortunate schoolmates, Cora Donaldson and Helen Sayre.

I, Gertrude Alexander, do bequeath to Matie Aston, who has been my faithful understudy through my high-school life, my role of "flirting princess."

We, Philip Neilson, Karl Weith and Walter Pittman, do bequeath our peerless records for breaking up stoves and chairs and breaking out windows of Carnegie Barn; also our numberless demerits, our reputations as "know nothings," to our accomplices in crime, Raymond McCoy and Jess Pate.

I, Jack Blenkmore, most solemnly bequeath to Parson Brown my sunny disposition, my readiness to disregard authority and my knowledge of Shakespeare.

We, Addie Lou Morgan and Harold Ditzler, do hereby will, devise and bequeath our matchless records as seniors, our "stickability" to work through all these years, our vast knowledge of things on the earth, above the earth and under the earth, to the members of the class of 1913 who may hereafter desire to be posted.

We, the entire senior class, do hereby will and bequeath to the city council two tons of dirt and one of assorted rubbish gathered upon our apparel during our sojourn here, to be returned to the streets of Ardmore and again used in lieu of pavements.

(Signed)

SENIOR CLASS OF 1913.

L. ANNALS, Notary Public.

Witnesses:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

WILLIAM J. BRYAN,

GENTRY HEDGES.

CODICIL I.

We, the seniors, on this the 30th day of April, leave to our successors, one dozen dilapidated erasers, one box of chewed-up pencils minus the lead, what is left of the waste

basket and the whole windows and chairs of Carnegie Barn.

CODICIL II.

On this the 19th day of May, 1912, I, Royee Krueger, bequeath my title of Count de Butz,

my castle, seat No. 2, Funny avenue, to Roe Ikard.

CODICIL III.

May 24, 1912, we, the seniors, do will and bequeath to the juniors the title of SENIORS.

Answer to Will

Having this day read the will of the class of 1912, parts of which will are so heart-rending, so full of kindness and consideration, as to have caused Percy to weep, Maud, the mule, to refuse to express displeasure by a gentle kick, and have also caused the digestive organs of Billy, the goat, the refuse to send any more tin cans sizzling through his diaphragm—we deem it only fitting and proper to show, in some measure, our appreciation.

First, we were gratified beyond measure to read that you were "revoking all other wills heretofore made, and doubtless they are pigeon." Such forethought on your part was entirely unexpected. In behalf of the president of the class of 1913, we accept with pleasure the "one ton of rations, to be used when wrangling Maud and Billy."

We, Polly Hall and Roe Ikard, accept with many profound thanks the knowledge of gas tronomy and doxology, hitherto owned and controlled by Barnes Jivens, Gessie Bwin and Ralphens Singer.

I, Mae Roberts, agree to perform to the best of my ability, the task given me (that of reviewing all popular rags, such as "Alexander's," Chinese and mysterious), for the delight of Mr. Richards. The record made by "Short" shall be kept up.

We, the juniors, hereby agree to take charge of Carnegie Barn, better known as a dance hall, and solemnly promise that we shall never dishonor its fair name by allowing any such vulgarity as waltzing to be carried on.

We, Ruth Blake, Elise Potterf and Norma Lawson (Olive Cline included), consider it the crowning moment of our lives to be permitted to fill the place so admirably filled by Margaret Verner and Maude Wilborn.

The unsuspecting history followers of Minnie Joe Smith and Fille Brane have worked on our essay. From what we have learned, after careful avoidance of any mental injury, that the many "antagonizing" hours you spent were in a good cause, that of attempting to prove that all great women painted (not sketches), and no great man ever combed his hair.

We, K. C. Jones and Callie Thomason, feel sure that, in the role of "dignity and meekness personified," even greater success awaits us than ever favored Say Filiams and Princess de Hol'to'ém.

As for the midnight oil, well, was it needs-foot, used on a midsummer night?

The to-be physies pupils look with joyful anticipations to see our professor chew "wax" so elegantly, and invite the gray hairs.

The junior class gives a vote of thanks to Miss White for her beauty recipe.

We, Selen Hayre and Dora Conaldson, are profoundly grateful for the luxuriant arms and personal jokes and catchy air, bestowed upon us by Nenevieve Givoche and Dillian Linston.

I, Seorgie Gimpson, have been greatly honored by Golda Bowman and Brois Ladford, inasmuch as they have bestowed upon me their

inveterate propensity for street ways, mischievous novels and dune flirtations.

The role of "spurting princess," formerly taken by Gertrude Alexander, has been assumed by "Cheesy" Aston, and bond has been given for the faithful performance of her duties.

Well did you think, when you left your all to Moses McCoy, Marc (sometimes known as "High-patches"), Pate Parson. Brown feels that such a sunny disposition as possessed by the lamented "Tom Thumb" Bleakmore, is a great asset. Therefore, consequently, in view of that fact, notwithstanding

ing any previous assertions, I feel that to emulate the example of my worthy predecessor is a hard task. Therefore, I avoid it. Office hours, morning, night and noon, every junior pledges "itself" to acquire all knowledge hitherto possessed by the seniors of 1912, on one condition: As for any knowledge below earth, we have no use. And where did you find any knowledge of any other place?

Again thanking you for your kindness, consideration and liberal patronage, wishing you all the joys of a happy Christmas and a happy new year, we are, not yet, but shall soon be,

THE SENIORS OF 1913.

Class Notes

In chemistry we have conquered the deadly H_2SO_4 , but have been forced to retreat at the approach of H_2S .

In history we have assassinated presidents, written messages to congress, fought battles, suffered defeats and won victories.

We have resurrected the ancient nightmares of Galileo in physics.

In Latin we have enjoyed (?) the orations of Cicero, and are now preparing ourselves

for the poems of Livy to read in our old age.

In German we have gone through the mystic maze of verbs, syntax and translation, and have emerged alive.

We have learned that all senior math. *est divisa in partes duos*—plane and solid geometry.

We have associated in English literature with such men as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Burns, Johnson and others of note.

G. A., '12.

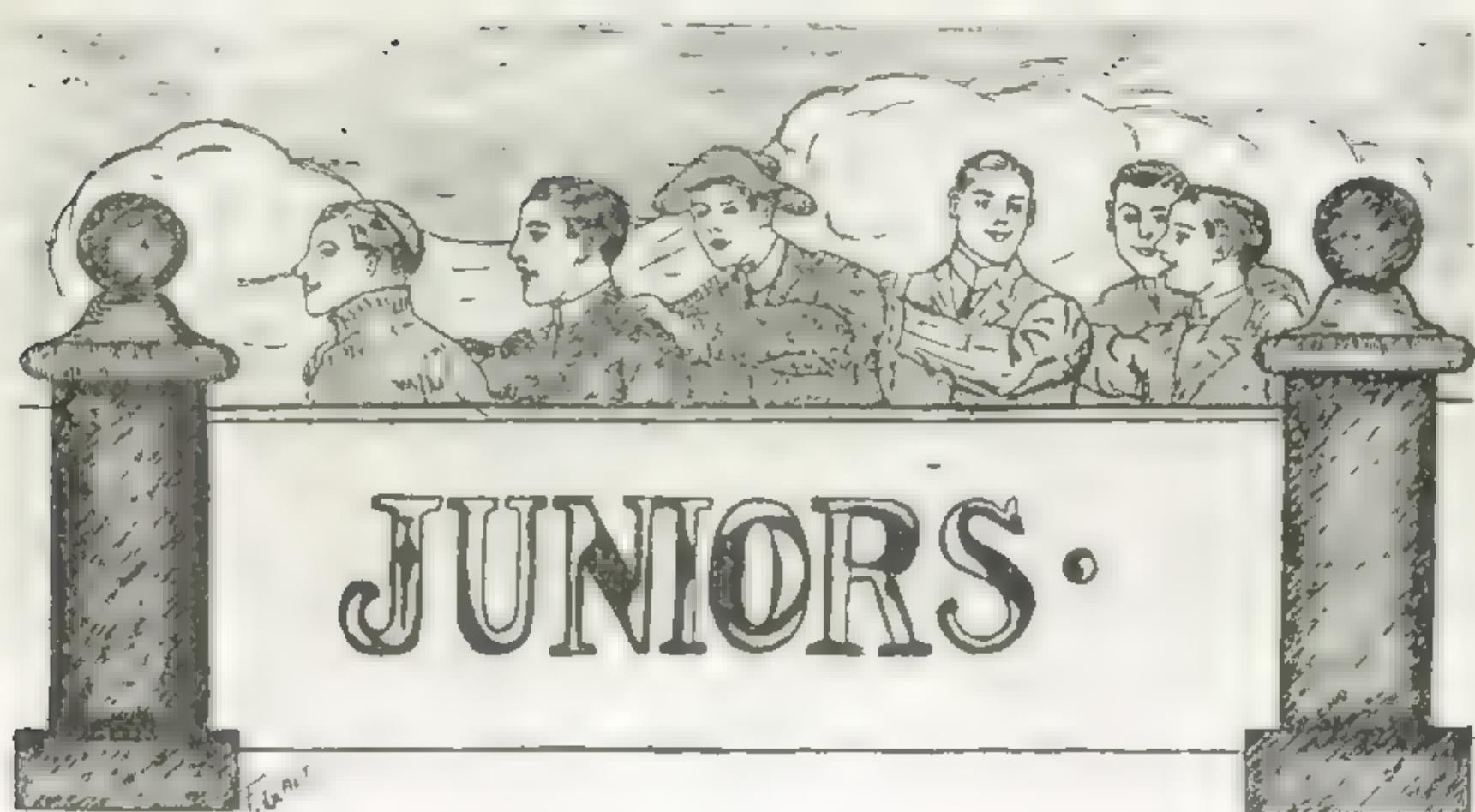
ARDMORE HIGH SCHOOL SCHEDULE.

Freshman Year.—"Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore Year.—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year.—"As You Like It."

Senior Year.—"All's Well That Ends Well."



JUNIORS.

Ed Winston

Leland Galt

Albert Noble

Olive Cline

Landon Son

Bertha Forbes

Mae Roberts

Alena Glenn

Norma Lawson

Roe Ikard

Hattie Nelson

Annie Anderson

Elise Potter

Callie Thomson

Ella Musgraves

Georgia Simpson

Harry Pfeiffer

Pearl Payne

Helen Sayre

Byron McCharen

Esie Crosby

Cora Donaldson

William Roberts

Pauline Hall

Raymond McCoy

Claude Neilson

Wilford Hendon

Jess Pate

Earl Brown

Louise Love

Lucy Jones

Allie May Gwinn

Mattie Aston

Mary Ryan

Paul Frame

Ruth Blake





V. O. D. L. S.
PRESIDENT



E. D. W. S. B. X.
SECRETARY

Class History

As a debutante feels on her formal presentation to the world, so we come before you with our hearts a quiver and our spirits afame with anticipation of life and the fullness of life before us. We stand at the thresh old, prepared and trained by our worthy and considerate teachers, who have spared not themselves in fitting us thus for the race. How will we sum it and who will win the prize?

Will we go forth in the strength and assurance of untried valor in this our maiden voyage, forgetting to heed the warnings of our guides and counselors that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong"? Or will we go, remembering that a helping hand extended to a weaker brother and an encouraging word and a cheering smile is as so much more power and strength stowed up for us in the hours of emergency and peril?

To our Senior friends we extend thanks for the privilege of being the first class to graduate in the new High School building. We hope that our work will not only be a credit to the

class, but it shall be in proportion to the fineness of the building in which we work, and commensurate in value to the generous plans projected by the voting taxpayers.

To our class president, Wilford Hendon, we desire to pay a well-deserved tribute. He has already shown unusual ability in our debating society, in presenting in a fearless and clear manner the truth and reasons why the causes he advocates should be judged most worthy by the jury of awards.

Another in our oratory class, Paul Frame, has gained honors and earned medals for work well done in the contest of 1911.

Of the gentler sex, Allie Mae Gwin deserves praise for proving herself a true classmate for the cause she espouses.

In athletics we are honored by having as one of us, Claud Neilson, who was state champion of 1911, and we who know him are certain that his heart is as strong for right and justice as his physical strength is to win the prize for us.

The juniors are also honored by three of

their class, Claud Neilson, Roe Ikard and Ed Winston, being the leading members of A. H. S. football team.

In spelling the juniors are loud in their praises for Ella Musgraves, the winner of a prize in the county spelling contest.

Elise Potterf, another honored member of our class, who was clerk of the house of 1911, and who proved herself a most worthy and efficient officer for that body, was this year elected to the high office of clerk of the senate.

The A. H. S. was represented in the piano contest at Durant by Mae Roberts, who was successful in her efforts to prove herself a most worthy A. H. S. representative.

In the realm of art world we have Helen Snyre, whose soul is attuned to respond to the subtle harmonies of nature, and catch the first flush of dawn and the fragrant perfume of the rose, and preserve them for us in the lasting form of color and verse.

As a dramatic art scholar, we have Annie Anderson, who demonstrated her ability with

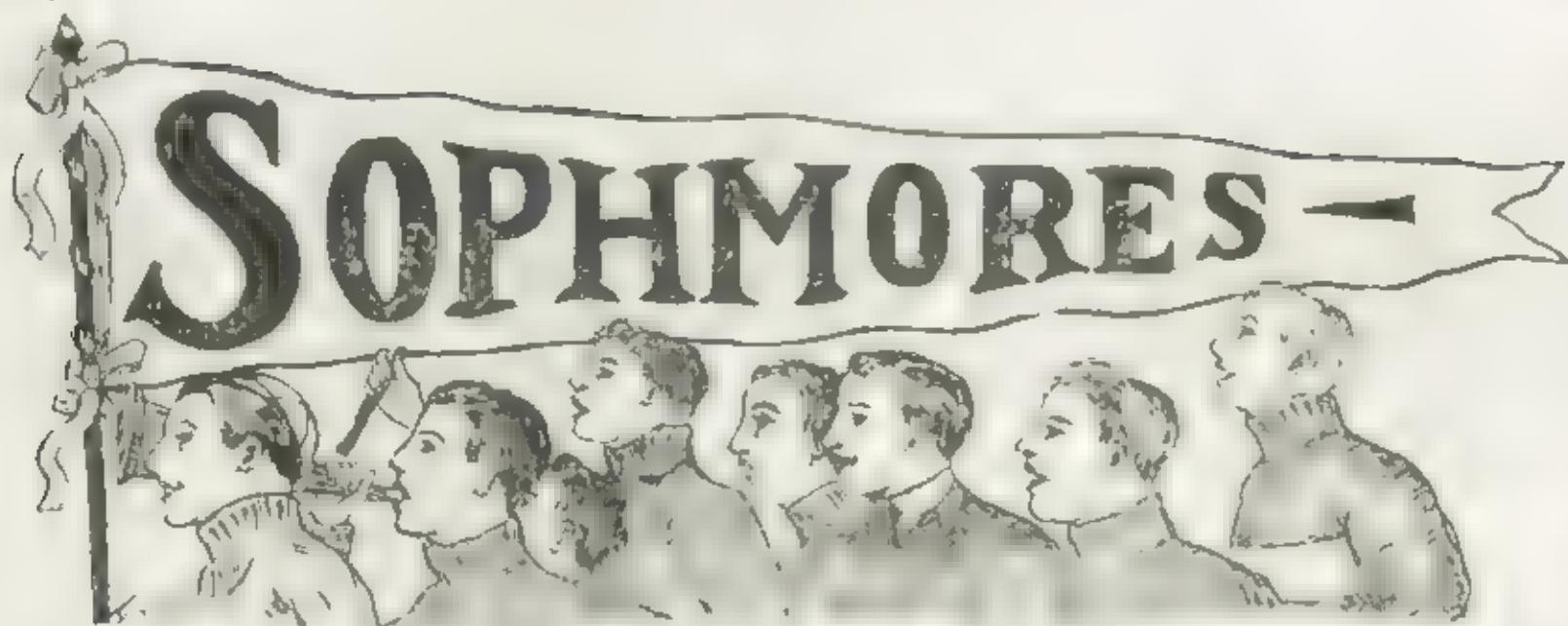
the greatest ease and grace in the high school play, "Esmeralda," taking the part of Mrs. Rogers.

This is to be but a brief sketch of the junior class, so did I attempt to give each one of our thirty-five the mention they rightly deserve, it would be far too long for a first appearance. We merely want to show a little of what we have done as juniors, for this is the first time the juniors have been allowed a space in the CRITERION. Our history as members of the high school is yet to be written.

With all that is being done for us by the liberal and generous people of Ardmore, in giving us a magnificent high-school building, constructed according to the latest scientific laws governing ventilation, heating, illumination, etc., fitting it with all necessary equipment for research and reference, and with the ablest body of teachers in charge to be found anywhere—we feel that even more strenuous efforts must be made by us to show our appreciation and win for A. H. S. the place of honor in our minds and in the educational world.

C. D., '13.

Be not alarmed, pray,
 If any hour of night or day
 You see a person rushing around,
 With his hair mussed up and his face a frown.
 He's but trying to think of the easiest way
 To study his lessons and practice a play.
 Have his picture taken and write a rhyme,
 And a few other things, all the same time.
 He thinks he is busy. (Oh, please don't laugh.)
 Because he's a member of THE CRITERION staff.



Thaddeus Baker	Lorena Marston	Marguerite Baral
George Bulard	Joy Moore	Ford E. Barry
Burette Byrd	Pauline Pace	Maudie Benton
Jimmie Chandler	Maggie Pittman	Helen Berry
Harry Cline	Mabel Reed	Helen Bostwick
Bluford Davidson	Dessie Reily	Irina Bulard
Peter Fenville	Marie West	Saleta Fielder
Carter Hardwick	Dorothy Smith	Hazel Franklin
Charles Holmes	Adam Alexander	Maggie Galt
Ian Ikard	Louie Bastine	Ethel Ikard
Lloyd Noble	Alvis Cathey	Corabell Lindsay
Oscar Pate	Noverta Cleek	Georgie Mansfield
John Wheeler	Hobart Dolman	Maurine Reed
Nelson Winfrey	Freeman Galt	M. L. Reily
Millard Winfrey	Raymond Hamilton	Margaret Salisbury
Hulon Holland	James Harrell	Enniece Smith
Ruth Batis	Claude Hines	Ethel Stong
Eva Brady	Willie Hoffmann	Minnie Stong
Madeline Colbert	Joe M. London	Ruth Sayre
Baird Golley	Robert Sayre	Charlotte Walt
Trelma Harris	Bert Simpson	Mabel Warren
Marguerite Hyden	Olin Houser	Doris Westheimer
Regina Lindsay	Reynolds Carmahan	Ida Blanche Wilson
Keyte Madden	Bertie Baker	Sallie Core



SUPPLEMENTARY CLASS



NOVERTA CLEEK
PRESIDENT



MARIE WEST
SECRETARY

Sophomore Class History

We, the members of the worthy class of 1914, do hereby consent to give you the record of our progress since we entered upon our dazzling high school career in 1910.

On the nineteenth day of the ninth month of that year, as bright and healthy a collection of freshmen as any school could boast began to make history as high-school students. Oh, how we did work! Of course, work and progress always go hand in hand. Literary societies sprang up, and every one profited by the splendid opportunities afforded by these well-organized bodies.

Everything continued as it started. Interest was manifested everywhere, and an unusually large amount of work was accomplished. At the end of the term we were the participants in many contests and entertainments, among which the most interesting were the musical contest and the Japanese operetta, "Princess Chrysanthemum." The latter closed a very prosperous and happy year.

September 11 we entered school again as sober sophomores. Maybe you think we did not enjoy our first blissful experiences as members of the house of representatives in moot congress! Thaddeus Baker was elected

chair of the house, with Mabel Reed as clerk; and under their direction we acquired a great deal of knowledge in regard to all affairs of government.

Did you notice that we next settled down to good hard work? Yes, and under the able supervision of the faculty, worked wonders. In the annual oratorical contest of the city, purple and white banners waved proudly—sophomores know how to support their class-mates. Who would not be proud of the orator who recently claimed the gold medal, as the star speaker of the county? At track meets, also, our loyalty to Ardmore soared aloft.

Wait!—you hear about the splendid times our class will have this summer! The 11th of April we assembled to organize a society for the purpose of keeping up class spirit during vacation. Noverta Cleek was elected president; Thad Baker, vice-president, and Marie West, secretary. We realize that Marie, Thad and Noverta know how to do things, don't we, sophs?

So we worked, so we played, and so we are working and playing still. On May 24, 1912, the curtain will fall on the largest sophomore class in the history of Ardmore.

FRESHMEN

The Outlook

YEAR BY YEAR we grow stronger and greater and year by year we grow larger and larger. As the seniors of 1912 have won credentials and leave this school or others, there is a set of pupils who are just ending their first year's work in the school, and who have just come to the place where they can enjoy a few of the pleasures of high school life. This class is the freshman of 1912. As someone has put it, "The boys and girls of today will become the men and women of tomorrow, and upon them will fall the cares and responsibilities of life." Just as true is that the freshmen of 1912 will become the sophomores, the juniors and the seniors of 1913, 1914 and 1915, respectively, and upon them will fall the responsibility of keeping up the standards of the school and preserving the good name it already has.

It is the duty of every one who has been initiated into the school to do his best to maintain the high standards which have been made possible by others' efforts. As the members of this class strive to make A. H. S. higher and higher, until it shall wave in unquestioned supremacy.

The present freshman class is larger than any previous one. The names have been taken to report a large card, and can be found on to determine. Those in this class are:

Arthur Dallas
Dewey Crosthwaite
Earl Brown
Elmore Alexander
Evans Curtis
Eugene Curtis
Herbert Harvey
Pleas McGee
Virgil Cruse
Willie Roberts
Tommie Carter
Angie Osborne
Attie Tackett
Bryan Duston
Calla Lilly
Clara Lilly
Clifford Hendon
Dorothy Ensworth
Esther McNees
Eula Mae Johnson
Jessie Hillis
Kate Warren
Laura Steakley
Lydia Campbell

Mary Parkinson
Mattie Taylor
Romia Moore
Sallie Taylor
Stella Crosthwaite
Tell Folsom
Harrell Gilder
Everett Krueger
Lorenzo Love
William Pfeiffer
Vance White
Mike Ryan
Jewel Banks
Alice Baum
Clara Busch
Elizabeth Dyer
Annie Moore
Minnie St. Johns
Thelma Ramsey
Ira Ward
Fay Franklin
Blanche Walker
Dorothy Dickinson
William Ringer

Forest W. Renfro
Lucy Lee Graham
James Harris Butler
Kellie Shelton
Bernice Branum
Clem Renfro
Elvia Jane Pace
Floyd Tullos
Eslie Nelson Elkins
Essa Hutchins
Lucy E. L. Fraley
Sammie M. Alridge
Hadie May Hunt
Earl Lewis
Zeb Murphy
Homer Carrol
Jinks Berryhill
Clemmie Brown
Bessie Nichols
Vivian Pittman
Florence Oliver
Josephine Hays
Mattie Hays
Beulah Chapman

Franklin Freshmen

Class Prophecy

Our school days seem short, viewed from the close of the eighth year. These years may have been ever so rocky in places; our teachers were, of course, frequently unobservant of genius, and our parents ever so insistent about better grads in uninteresting subjects—but what of that! Already, the past has lost its roughness; the dim light of memory refuses to illuminate unpleasant events.

Our years have been made up of joys and trials, similar to those of other classes; examinations have hit us as squarely; picnics have pleased us as often; track meets have surrendered to us as seldom; mathematics has floored us as completely, and grammar has evaded us as cleverly as all these other grammar school graduates.

Our claim to distinction lies not in our past

accomplishments, but in our possibilities. Notice our bonny group. If you read faces, pick out our half-dozen artists of unusual ability; note our musicians; here is a baseball nine that has beaten every ward team in town—what prophecy do we need! With even average intelligence we would succeed, for we possess an honest sense of loyalty to our school, our friends and ourselves. Our courage in facing failure or success must never lessen, for—

"There is no failure save in giving up,
The seeming setbacks make the strong man
wise;
There's no defeat in Truth save from within,
Until we're beaten there, we're bound to
win."

Haunting Shadows

The days are growing darker,
The whole world is filled with gloom,
Before me in the darkness,
Does an awful monster loom;
He stands with ink and paper
Clasped firmly in each hand.
From his lips fall awful letters
Which prophesy disaster through the land.
"Finals," says he, "finals coming—
Can you the shock withstand?"

Under one arm, books unnumbered,
Under the other, that awful roll,
Upon which a few weeks later
Will be marked each lost, flunked soul
Who has not survived the battle,
Who has not reached his goal;
And the monster grins and dances
As he marks each victim down.
Oh, say, will I be one of them;
Must I join his fateful town?

So the days grow longer, blacker;
Nearer draw the hours of doom,
When sheep and goats must be divided,
Each be given the proper room;
Long I pray that I may triumph,
Pray tests will not weigh me down,
Pray that I may win the battle, be victorious
O'er the monster of that fateful town!



Washington Freshmen

Class Prophecy

Last February I was summoned to Chicago to attend a meeting of the Red Cross Society, of which I have the honor of being an officer. I went with joy, for I knew from the newspaper reports that I would meet two of my former schoolmates: Lucy Fraley, who had just returned from China a missionary, and the famous singer, Hadie Hunt.

Lucy told us that just before leaving China she had met Earl Lewis, our ambassador to that country. We were glad to hear of Earl's progress.

Being interested in school work, we visited the Chicago University. It is seldom that any one class can fill two chairs in one of our foremost colleges, but, nevertheless, at the head of the department of mathematics we found our quick-witted Emmett Key, and the department of physiology and anatomy and histology was presided over by our friend with the large blue eyes, Kellie Shelton, who was discussing eloquently on the receptaculum chyli and other parts of the lymphatic system.

That evening, while reading the Chicago *Record*, edited by James Butler, we saw that there was to be an aviation meet, at which it was expected by some that an aviator from Europe would wrest from the world's greatest aviator, Clem Renfro, the championship

that he had so long held, but, being loyal Americans, we felt that it could not be done.

In that same paper we saw that Floyd Tullos had been appointed secretary of agriculture.

On our way to the auditorium, where we were going to hear our former classmate, Sammie Aldredge, now a noted musician, we recognized in the window a likeness of our black-eyed friend, Esie Elkins, who was to speak the next night at the auditorium on the subject of the most importance to the American citizens, "How Shall We Regulate Wealth?"

A trip to the art gallery on Lake Shore Drive showed us for the first time that our friend, Forest Renfro, had become famous as an artist.

As all pleasant things must come to an end, it came time for me to return to my home in Kansas City, but before reaching there I came across my friend, Lucy Lee Graham, who is teaching domestic science in one of the schools in St. Louis, and Elvin Pace, who is studying to be a doctor.

At the depot I saw a reporter for the Kansas City *Journal*, who was no other than Bernice Brannum. The next day I read in this paper that I had returned from Chicago after a very pleasant visit.

ESSA HURCHINS.

SPRING SENTIMENTS.

The poets sing
Of joys of spring;
It's bright and shining weather;
But we would be
Most pleased to see
Three sunny days together.



WASHINGTON FIREMEN

Lincoln Freshmen

Class Prophecy

May 24, 1912

Special to The Criterion.

A very interesting meeting was held this afternoon at the old Third Ward school building of the alumnae of the graduating class of 1912. This has been the most distinguished and successful alumnae reunion ever held in this city. Ardmore is honored by the presence of so many prominent men and women. A delightful sentiment attached to the meeting is the fact that the committee chose the same room in the old ward building in which they had all been so happy together, instead of one of the more beautiful edifices erected since.

Mr. M. Ryan, the favorite matinee comedian, presided, opening the program with a humorous speech of welcome.

Miss Annie Moore, the much noted and well-loved missionary from Egypt, and Fraulein Bush, the German instructor at Vassar, each responded with short talks about their work.

It was much regretted that Hon. Wm. Pfeiffer, ex-U. S. senator, was forced to be absent. He sent, however, a paper, which was a masterpiece of English. Greetings were sent from Miss Dorothy Dickinson, who is completing a post-graduate course in medicine in Germany. Mrs. Horatius Chesterfield, *né* Jewell Banks, the widow of the well-known multi millionaire, and the popular leader of the smart set of New York, was also forced to be absent, due to an attack of nervous prostration, following the death of her husband. The absence of these members was greatly regretted by all.

A delightful violin solo was rendered by William Ringer, who has just returned from a season at Berlin.

Miss Elizabeth Dyer, the distinguished portrait painter, and Miss Thelma Ramsey, a favorite elocutionist, related many interesting experiences of their work while studying in Paris.

Mr. Harrel Guilder, the world famous inventor of the Cyclo-met-a-cab, which is rapidly taking the place of the auto and taxi, with his manager, Mr. Folsom, were present and talked on "Modern Electrical Appliances."

Mrs. Fritz Reitrock (Pav Franklin), the poet, who is fast sprinting into prominence, read a poem written for the occasion.

Earl Kelly, the world's champion prize-fighter, gave a ten-minute talk, which was greatly enjoyed, followed by Mr. Love, the world's fashion leader, who gave a talk on the "Fashions of Today."

Miss Holz von Scheuler (Miss Alice Baum), the famous heroine of the Shakespeare tragedies, as played by the Metropolitan company, read a pathetic monologue.

Monsieur Crittenden, the fashionable dancing master, gave an enjoyable talk.

Miss Warden, head of the girls' experiment station of the southeast, and Miss Selma Scholz, who has done so much to bring about the consummation of woman's suffrage, each gave a most enjoyable paper on their work.

Mr. Everett Kneiger, the director of the Kneiger Orchestra, who was making a tour of the south, was present with his orchestra, and gave several classic selections.

The program was ended by a touching poem read by Miss St. John, the author of which was Miss Mildred Galt, a former member of the class, who passed away a year since, a victim of pneumonia.

A banquet will be given the members this evening at the Elks home.



LINCOLN FURNISHEE

Jefferson Freshmen

Class History

In the year 1904, when most of us entered school for the first time in the little two-story school building known as the Carter School, little did we think of what a few years might bring to us. Year by year, as we received our

new building which is now known as the Jefferson Building. It was then we received the idea of progression. On our entering the new building we at once began to beautify the grounds. Under the supervision of the teach-



JEFFERSON FRESHMEN

promotion cards, our hearts were filled with delight and great anxiety for the next term of school to begin.

By the time we spent the second year in school we began to realize what school life really was. Again, we went on our vacation with hearts filled with the hope that the day would soon come when we could again enjoy the happy hours in school.

It was then we had hopes of going into the

ers of the different grades, we divided the grounds in sections, each grade caring for its portion. Both teachers and pupils took great pride in endeavoring to have the most beautiful section. As a reward for our labor, we have been awarded the prize a number of times for having the most beautiful campus in the city.

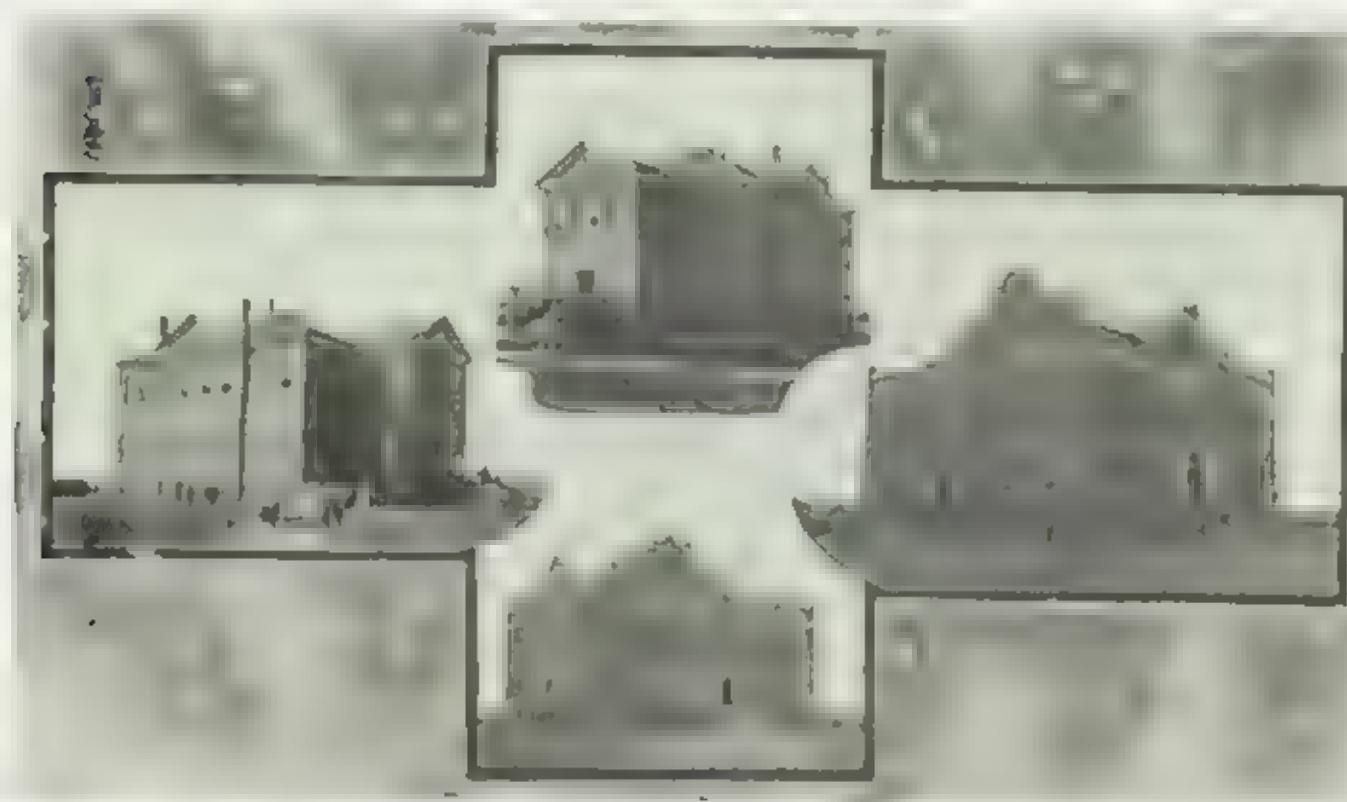
In our efforts to beautify our grounds we didn't neglect our duty in the school room.

When we reached the sixth grade we had for our teacher, Miss Tredwell, who was recognized as an excellent historian. The seventh year we had for our principal, Miss Blanche Higley, who was considered an excellent disciplinarian. Owing to her ill health, we were forced to have a substitute a number of times the last half year.

On Sept. 11, 1911, we took up the work of the eighth grade in this school under Prof. G. W. Coffman. We at once realized that our duties were numerous and wearisome, but we still retain the hope of success. Now, we are nearing the close and looking forward with great interest to the night of graduation. We are few in number, but we are proud of the honor of being the first eighth-grade class in this school. And we hope to carry the good spirit of school work into the new high school.

We feel very grateful to our teacher and to all who have endeavored to assist us in any way. We desire to mention the pleasant entertainments given by the mothers of our school and the good lectures by our superintendent, C. W. Richards. Now, as we pass from the grammar grade, we realize that we are now just beginning to obtain an education.

We hope, in the future, when we see or hear the names of Zeb Murphy, Homer Carroll and Jinks Berryhill, that it may be said of each that they also bear the names of gentlemen. Of Clemmie Brown, Bessie Nichols, Vivian Pittman, Florence Oliver and Josephine and Mattie Hays, we retain the fondest hope that they and we will at the proper time graduate at the new high school, with highest honors.



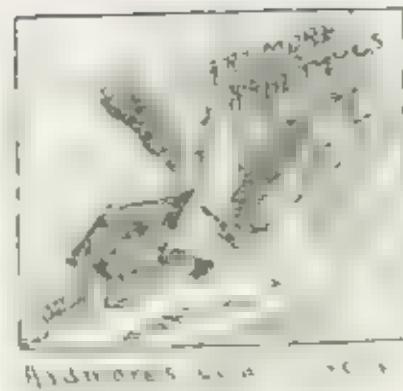
FRANKLIN

LINCOLN
WASHINGTON

JEFFERSON



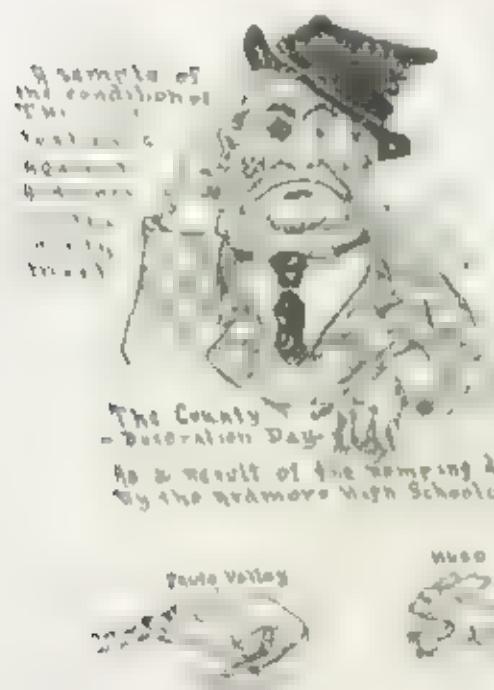
At the annual track
meet at Durant Hotels



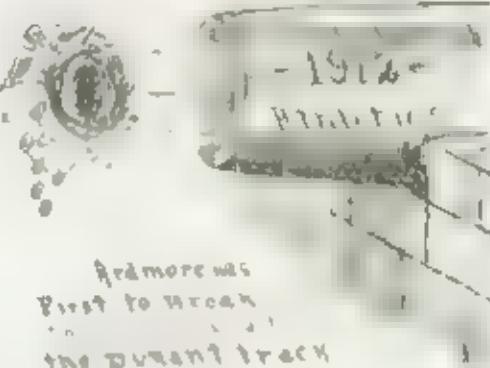
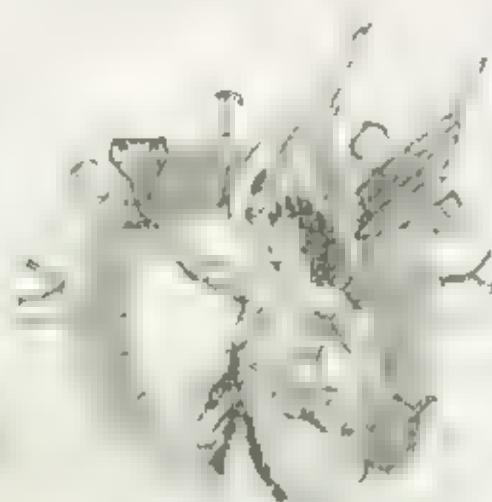
Ardmore's
annual track
meet



A. H. S.
To the People of
—Ardmore—



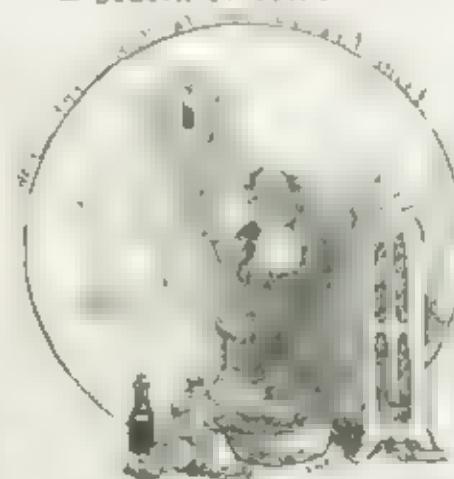
The County
—Decoration Day—
As a result of the camping done
by the Ardmore High School on them



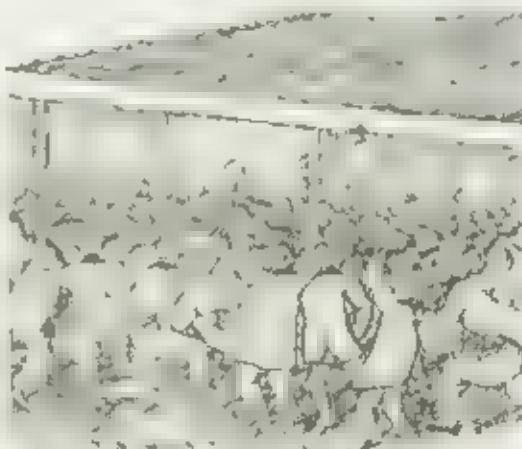
Ardmore was
first to break
the Durant track
meet —



— SEASON OF COLDs —



Ardmore
is the athletic
team on her content
bits



the high school track team returning



ERNEST HENDON

JOE M. LONDON

GEO. ANDERSON

WILFORD HENDON

HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM

The Shawnee Debate

For the first time in its history, the Ardmore high school has entered the realm of interscholastic debating. And, be it said, the interest and enthusiasm aroused has been so satisfactory that three contests are being planned by the principal for next year.

The contest this session was with the Shawnee high school, with the Lion Store cup, a state debaters' trophy, as the prize. Once before, when Norman High held this cup, a debate was arranged for its possession, but for some reason Norman declined, at the last moment, to meet Ardmore.

The question discussed this year was, "Waiving the Question of Constitutionality and Eliminating the Judiciary, *Resolved*, That the Recall Feature Should Be Adopted in State and Local Government." The debaters were chosen here in a competitive preliminary de-

bate. About ten pupils took part in this try-out and every one made a good showing. From these contestants three regular speakers and one alternate were chosen. The team thus selected was: Ernest Hendon, later elected captain of the team, Wilford Hendon, George Anderson and Joe M. London, alternate.

The team worked as hard as any football squad and was followed by as much interest among the study body as any athletic team has ever aroused. On Thursday, April 19, the team was given a final round of cheers and good wishes by the entire school, and left for Shawnee. Accompanied by the high school principal, they made a call on Governor Cruce at Oklahoma City. Friday morning was spent visiting the high school at Shawnee.

Friday evening at 8 o'clock the auditorium of the high school being the scene of action.

(Continued on page 67)

ATHLETICS

H. H. Mead

The accompanying picture is that of Ardmore's athletic coach and science teacher. He came to Ardmore from Valparaiso, Ind., where he now lives. He completed the required work in the Valparaiso University, obtaining a bachelor of science degree. While there he took active part in all forms of athletics. He is a fast baseball player, a good tennis and basket ball man, and a star football player.

Ardmore High School secured his able service in January of 1911. Since coming to Ardmore he has developed one of the strongest football teams in the state, excluding only the Oklahoma University and the A. & M.; also a track team, winners of all southeast track meets for two years, winners of state meet in 1912 and furnished the third state track team in 1911.

But his greatest value to Ardmore is in the many events he is the boys' coach and the coach known to many a boy has been called to be the coach of a great team. He is a well known and well liked teacher and a man. Ardmore is proud of him and his work.



HARRY MEAD

Schedule--1912

FOOTBALL

Sept. 25.—Hargrove College at Hargrove 0, A. H. S. 4.

Sept. 30.—Southeastern Normal at Durant 15, A. H. S. 24.

Oct. 7.—Chickasha high school at Ardmore 0, A. H. S. 0.

Oct. 11.—Hargrove College at Ardmore 0, A. H. S. 24.

Oct. 13.—Oklahoma deaf school at Ardmore 0, A. H. S. 66.

Oct. 24.—Hargrove College at Hargrove 0, A. H. S. 76.

Oct. 27.—Norman high school at Ardmore 44, A. H. S. 0.

Nov. 3.—Shawnee high school at Shawnee 8, A. H. S. 0.

Nov. 26.—Shawnee high school at Ardmore 6, A. H. S. 6.

Track Meets

Carter County Meet

The track meet of Carter County, which was held on Hargrove field, was a decided success from every standpoint. Carter County's most energetic superintendent, Fred E. Tucker, a graduate of Ardmore High School, deserves the highest commendation for this progressive step in education which he has taken. He was among the first county superintendents in the state to inaugurate this beneficial measure. Both Dr. Martin, president of Hargrove College, and our Superintendent Richards were very instrumental in making this meet a success financially, as well as otherwise. The county meet serves the same purpose in the county as does the state track meet held at the university; that is, it gives an impetus for higher education and training, both mentally and physically.

On the evening of April 11 a spelling contest was held in the new courthouse. Some wonderful spellers were heard. Ardmore was not as successful in this as might be desired. However, we are very proud of our represen-

tative, Miss Ella Musgrave, who won third place.

The greatest division of all the contest, of course, was the field events held Saturday afternoon, April 12. Ardmore High School had a walk-over and easily won everything she contested for, making a grand total of sixty-two points. In one race our long distance man, Harold Ditzler, fell down during the final lap, and then won second place. That's the Ardmore spirit. The showing which Ardmore made was really brilliant. The capital prize was a \$75 loving cup, which now lends its beauty to our assembly room. Not only were there feats in physical prowess, but also there was a fight among the young orators and readers. In these we showed that we had some who could also read and speak very fluently. Ardmore High School succeeded in capturing first prizes in reading and oratory through the instrumentality of Genevieve Nivoche and Thaddeus Baker. Thelma Ramsey won first prize in expression in division B reading, and John Thompson in division B oratory.

Southeastern State Meet

The track team began its triumphal career by winning the southeastern track meet, held under the auspices of the Southeastern State Normal School at Durant. Ardmore High School had six entries in the field events: C. Neilson (captain), P. Neilson, Anderson, Pittman, McCharen and Ditzler, while London and P. Neilson represented us in tennis.

At this meet there were thirteen events, making a total of 117 points to be won, and of these Ardmore took sixty-seven, or considerably more than all the other schools together.

Best of all, this victory made the silver loving cup, won in 1910, ours for all time, this being the third year it was awarded to us.

The story of the meet, in detail, follows:

The preliminary in the hundred-yard dash was the first race to be run, and it at once became apparent that C. Neilson had all his competitors outclassed; for he came tearing down the track, yards in advance of the nearest man to him. P. Neilson also won in the preliminary. The final was a very pretty race indeed, C. Neilson winning in fine form, in 9

4-5, according to the official timer, and P. Neilson being a close second, who proved himself a good man in the sprints.

In the shot put, Anderson made 39 feet 8 inches, and took first place; Pittman took third.

In the 220-yard dash, C. Neilson made what seemed an impossible record, running the distance in what the timekeeper said was 21 seconds. It was a lovely race, and Bud was running some from the crack of the gun to the breaking of the tape.

Pittman won the high jump, clearing the bar at 5 feet 4 inches. His final jump was a fine exhibition of nerve. Twice he had failed, jumping each time directly toward the grandstand and the combined hostility of the schools represented there. For the third and last time he took his place, measured his distance carefully with his eye, made his run and rose against the storm of hostile yells from the grandstand. As he cleared the bar, the storm suddenly subsided, and a murmur of admiration took its place, followed by the wild cheers of the Ardmore contingent.

Philip Neilson took the low hurdles in a great race, running in fine form; time, 29.8 seconds. Claud and Philip Neilson then won first and second places in the broad jump, the distance being 19 feet 4 inches.

The brothers also took first and second in

the 440-yard dash, Claud winning in 56 seconds.

Anderson had no trouble in winning the discus throw, hurling the platter 103 feet 5 inches. Pittman was second. In the half mile Ditzler ran a great race, and though out-classed, won a third place by sheer determination. This was the first event of the day in which Ardmore failed to take first place. It was won by Miller of Pauls Valley, with Kan-naubbee of Armstrong Academy second.

The pole vault followed, and this was won by Powell of Krebs, who cleared the bar at nine feet. P. Neilson was second, and McCharen third. In the mile run we failed to win a place, though Ditzler ran a good race, in spite of his exhausted condition after the half mile. It was won by Miller of Pauls Valley.

In the high hurdles Ardmore made a clean sweep, Pittman taking first, P. Neilson second and McCharen third.

Ardmore did not enter the relay race, which was won by Armstrong Academy.

In the tennis tournament, both London and P. Neilson won places in the doubles, and London had no trouble in staying to the finals in singles, but we lost both contests. But with London and other promising young players steadily developing, the outlook is bright for a strong tennis team next year.

High School Fad

Old Ardmore High School has a fad
(Oh, this is known to be so!),
And quite a novel one it is—
It's winning cups, you know.

Ardmore Wins State Track Meet

A few years ago the Ardmore High School sent a few of her representatives to the state track meet, which is held annually at the state university under its auspices. That first team, it is true, did not meet with much success, fail-

Last year, it is true, Ardmore sent her delegation to Norman, and came back with the all state championship honor upon the shoulders of one of her athletes—C. Neilson. This wonderful achievement on the part of that



Harold Durler Claude Neilson, Captain Geo. Anderson Byron McCharen Walter Pittman Philip Nelson
H. H. Meade, Coach Gentry Hedges, Manager

ARDMORE TRACK TEAM

ing even to take a place among the list of events. It has been justly said, however, that all things truly great have small beginnings, and this statement is literally true with the success of the high school and her today's state championship team.

team acted as a spur to all athletic aspirants within the school gates, and this spirit was in full evidence as early as last fall, when the football season began. This spring, as soon as the weather would permit, the followers of the track donned the spiked shoes and track

suits, and began the preliminary training which has had such a large part to do in the signal success of this year's team.

On the 6th day of April the A. H. S. began the season by romping away with the Durant meet. The following Saturday victory again rested with the Ardmore squad, and she easily carried off first honors in the Carter Co. meet. Then came the several weeks of even more strenuous training, until at last the 26th arrived. On that date the team journeyed to Norman to again compete for the state championship, and from the first call of the starters for the 100-yard contestants to come forth, it was plainly discerned that this was decidedly Ardmore's year in state athletics.

In the preliminaries Ardmore's bright and shining star was beaten out for first place by Floyd of Fairview High. The Ardmore delegation in the stands was hushed, all breathlessly awaiting the call for the finals. Slowly the minutes passed until at last the sprinters were again crouched over the starting lines. The starter slowly raises his pistol, then comes the sharp report of his gun, and they are off. Down the lane they come—eyes, muscles, thoughts, in fact, their very beings, centered upon the tape stretched across the track. As they near the end, it is seen that Floyd is but a step in the lead of Neilson, and both are tearing away like mad; but, with all his efforts, Neilson was finally beaten in a phenomenal spurt for the finish.

Soon came the call for the 220, and the Ardmore stands, which had been plunged into deepest gloom, again went wild with joy when Neilson came back and ran away from Floyd in this race, making a new state record of 22 3-5 seconds, 2 5 of a second better than Davenport's record made four years ago.

The 440 was likewise a repetition of the above. In this event, it will be remembered that Milne of the U. P. S. nosed Neilson out at the finish last year, but Neilson obtained

ample revenge this year, when he left the whole field at his heels, winning in 53 flat, Milne even failing to place.

To complete his sensational work of the day, Neilson carried off second honors in the broad jump and was barely beaten out by a tenth of an inch for first place, his jump being 21 feet 5.2 inches.

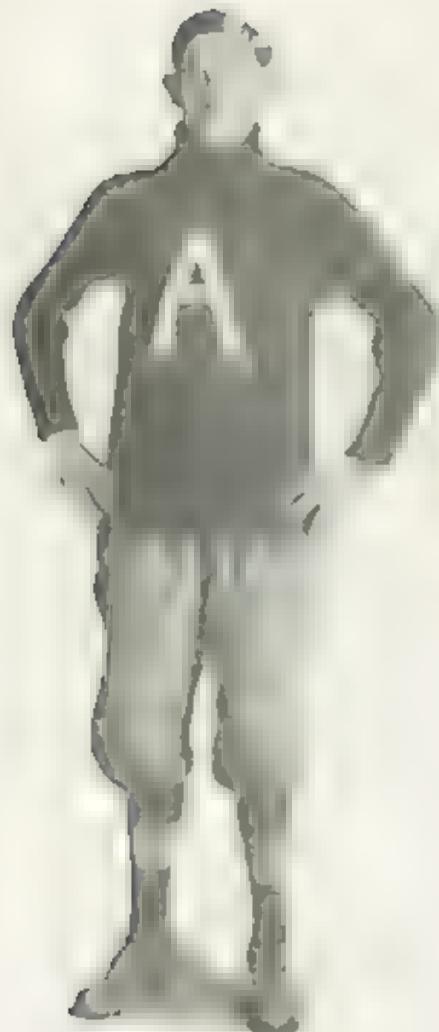
While these previous events were taking place, Anderson, the high school weight man, was striving, at the other end of the field, for discus honors. Although he beat out all his competitors in the finals, he was still forced to take second place against a previous throw made in the preliminaries.

In the high hurdle race Pittman of the high school led the field up to the eighth or ninth hurdle, but here he lost his step and was beaten out of first place by a hair's breadth, although he easily took second honors.

In the broad jump he also did great work, taking third with a jump of 20 feet 8 inches.

In the last event of the afternoon's program, P. Neilson fought for an hour or more against the whole field for honors in the pole vault, and although the game little vaunter cleared the bar time after time with a big margin, his arm, aided by the strong wind, carried the bar off, and he was simply out-lucked from a place in this event.

In summarizing the work of the team this year, it would be a difficult matter to give credit to all to whom credit is due, but one of the biggest factors of success in this year's work has been the loyal support, faithful training and undying determination of the squad to fight to the last ditch for victory. That is the spirit it takes to make athletics a success, and with that spirit the enthusiasm waxing stronger and stronger by leaps and bounds, it may be many a day ere Ardmore is forced to bow her head in defeat. Suffice it to say, for the present, that today Ardmore stands in a field by herself as the best and cleanest champions of the state of Oklahoma.



Right Guard



Right Tackle



Right End



Left Half

JOE FRANK WILLIAMS

right end, is playing his last year in the back position. He is a senior; weight, 130; age, 18. The little end is always in the game and has a natural fighting spirit. His end is impregnable, and his ability in getting down and tackling under punts is the delight of the high school fans.

CHARLIE WORMSLER

Charlie has had but little experience, but from the big fellow's work you would take him to be an old veteran. He hits the line like a ram. His ability to break up interference is known to all high school pupils. He would time after time pull off forward passes with such coolness and precision that the grandstand leaped with joy.

EDWARD WINSTON

Although this was Ed's first season at football, he has shown himself to be of stellar quality. He is a junior in school, age 17, weight 152. His work at guard coupled with the assistance of the rest of the line, made it of "stom-wal" quality. Although he began late he made himself a record to be proud of.

WALTER PITTMAN

The big man was shifted from half back to guard because of the need of him. "Pittie" is 17 and weighs 165, and is a senior in school. Pittman is one of the valiants of the game. The shifty tackle often gets down the gridiron under punts and tackles the receiver in his tracks at the moment the oval has hit him. He plays a pretty game from every angle, and handles his foot in a way that makes the bleachers come to their feet with cheers.



Left End



Left Guard



Left Tackle



Center

Quarter Back
See next page

KARL WITTH
The work on both offensive and defensive sides that "Preacher" did during his last term on the team will be remembered. The stand he took in defending his last term on the team is an example of the fine players who succeed against apparently insurmountable circumstances.

PETER FONVILLE

Fonville is a heavy-built man, age 17, weight 155, is playing his second year on the team. The little heavy fellow plays his position like a veteran, moving with coolness and caution, and being especially apt at blocking plays and punts and breaking up forward passes.



Full Back



Right Half

Sub Half

Sub Guard



BILLIE FRAME

"Bill" was good ground gainer and a good drop kicker. He subbed at half and had only a few chances to take part in the games, but he proved to be of true quality. He is a senior in school, weighs 144, age 17.



THADDEUS BAKER

was sub guard and played in a few games that made himself a name to be proud of. He was especially good in stopping line plunges at critical periods. He is a soph in school, weighs 140, age 16.

CLAUDE FREEMAN
(See preceding page)

"Dutchie" is awfully small to have the ability of generalship in critical periods that he has. He is a sophomore in school, age 19, weight 107. He wriggled through the opposing teams time to down them for losses. He has great ability to keep youngsters together at the critical time.

GEORGE ANDERSON

"Andie" started at full this year. This is his second season at full, having played in the line heretofore. Weight 115 and is 18 years old. He plays fast ball for a large man. He is not alone football player, but is a very excellent man and baseball player.

ROE IKARD

"Ike," although a small man, was one of the nerviest men that ever donned moleskin. He breaks up interference the prettiest of any man we have seen. He would often break through the field for long gain. "Ike" could always be depended on for a forward pass. Nothing equals his coolness of head in any high school. He is a junior in school, weighs 130, age 16.

Into the Jaws of Norman

I am a member of the band who follows the footsteps of Ardmore's greatest aggregation, "the mighty four." The loyalty of these track disciples and their indication of vigor and enthusiasm is shown when they are willing to go through flood and fire, discomfort and agony, bitter cold and tropical suffocation - and poverty, in order to crane their necks at the gladiators of the track.

CHAPTER I.

Escaped from school Friday afternoon and succeeded in securing the necessary funds and rushed for the station. After outdoing the patience of Job, finally got to the window and opened negotiations—round trip, \$3.35.

As the train thundered in, I helped transplant several hundred suit cases from the platform to the train and finally succeeded in getting comfortably fixed for my journey. All was well when we arrived at Purcell, except several members who were a trifle hungry. Foolishly I volunteered to try to remedy this, and went into the Harvey lunch stand, and finally harpooned a waiter after slugging him with a cat-supper bottle, and in a meek voice I asked for nine ham sandwiches. He gave me a 12 pound look and staggered, but, however, soon recovered and offered to make them. Although it took all the ham in Purcell, they helped some.

CHAPTER II.

"Norman!" and the train slowed down. Got apartments at "The Agnes," and after varied forms of excitement during the evening, finally hit the feathers. Sleep was unthought of, as No. 12 was above the parlor, and "Cusey Jones" was played a greater part of the night. Also several hundred-yard dashes were run, using the halls for the course. Lateille, the beautiful albino, served my breakfast. Asked for a steak and a stack of wheats, and was handed a platter of anything from

lumpy jaw to languid liver; finally gnawed the flank out of a bun. (No, I was not served turtle soup.)

CHAPTER III.

Soon after my repast, I left for the field of combat, and after a stroll of about eight miles down a beautiful shaded boulevard, arrived upon the campus. Inspected the grounds and equipment, and by chance wandered into a small building. Before I could escape I was in a whirl and never touched the floor until I found myself in a balcony of the gym, witnessing what I thought was a suffragette caucus, but later found out it was only a girls' basket-ball game. Hurriedly caught my breath and started to take an inventory, but found no bones broken. Met a scrambled victim with all his coat buttons gone and a hat wrecked. Later wandered into a tent and found it was a cheap and speedy-type lunch counter. Succeeded in making off with two sandwiches and a glass of iced tea.

CHAPTER IV.

Ran the gauntlet, and got a place on the bleachers. Was feeling bully, when some sight-seer must have wandered into the weather department at the university, and meddled with the shower lever, as a gentle rain commenced falling. All beat a hasty retreat several times, but finally bluffed the rain out. Our gladiators were the wonder of the day, and we soon had things cinched. For many reasons, there was great demonstration after the 220, when the announcer yelled, "C. Neilson first!"

And so went the whole afternoon, Ardmore generally getting first. We rode from the track back to the city upon a novel vehicle, which deposited us in front of The Agnes in great style.

Continued on page 70

Music

Progress in Public School Music

"It's the songs ye sing,
An' the smiles ye wear,
That's a makin' the sun
Shine everywhere."

—Riley.

The transforming power of scientific management is getting into our school. The spirit of progress is in the air. The limited time given daily to the study of music makes it necessary that the best methods be used, so that there is no waste of time.

Realizing this, we have made the most of our time this year. Each grade has accomplished the work planned for the year, and in about half the time used in previous years.

Perhaps the most astonishing progress has been made in the first three grades. The children, in these grades, are reading rapidly by sight. The primer has been introduced for the first time in the second grade, thus giving more advanced sight-reading in each grade another year.

In the third grade, where theory of music is begun, the children have mastered six different keys, and can read well in any one of them. When these children reach the high school, they will be ready for work far in advance of that taught in the state normals.

In the fourth, fifth and sixth grades, the pupils have found this year that their music is as important as any study, and just as much attention must be given to it. No child is excused from singing unless he is ill or has lost control of his vocal chords, for the time being, because the voice is changing.

In the sixth, seventh and eighth grades much work in theory has been done. The major and natural and harmonic minors have been mastered in all keys.

A prize was offered to any grade that would first learn these scales perfectly. A written test was given, and the seventh and eighth grades in the second ward won the prize. Think how well prepared these children are for any branch of music they wish to take up outside of school.

Scale work is the important thing, and this is brought out in every grade, by means of vocal drills, ear training (oral and written), dictation, rote songs, etc. Rhythm is the "soul of music," and this also is developed in every grade by means of games, drawings, marching, clapping, songs, etc.

I wish to speak of the glee clubs in the various wards. These organizations are composed of children from the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. They have studied more advanced music this year than ever before, reading three-part songs as difficult as those used in the high school.

I have had four very capable assistants in this work: Mrs. vonWeise, Miss Edith Morgan, Miss Nellie Ikard and Miss Theta James, each teacher taking up the glee-club work in her respective ward.

In the high school some time has been given to history of music and musical appreciation, but most of the time has been given to learning songs. The chorus work shows great progress. It is a real pleasure to hear the students sing the "Bridal Chorus" by Cowen, or "Good Night, Good Night, Beloved," by Puccini.

The girls' glee club has just finished the "Faust Waltz" by Gounod. They have worked faithfully all the year, and have given several splendid songs.

The boys' glee club has several new mem-

bers, and it is in better trim than ever to enter the contest.

We have a senior girls' sextette, and we cannot praise it too highly. The girls are al-

the grade teachers understand the training of the child's voice.

The success of this year's work is not due to the supervisor alone, but to the excellence



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

ways ready to sing whenever they are called upon. They never fail us.

I have been especially pleased with the beautiful tone quality which has been developed in all the grades. It shows plainly that

of the grade teachers, who have developed the plans given them, and also to the hearty co-operation between the supervisor and grade teachers.

Mrs. W. C. McClellan

Girls' Glee Club

The girls' glee club has been quite a successful organization. They have helped furnish the delightful music the entire year, which Ardmore High is noted for. They have worked together like a machine, and the results can readily be seen. They have never

failed, but continue to grow stronger and stronger, and A. H. S. may well be proud of them.

With the majority of them remaining for another year's work, and under Mrs. McClintock, it will be the best organization in the city.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Senior Girls' Sextette

The senior crowd is very proud of their senior sextette and it is to be noted that A. H. S. doesn't mind so awfully much for this club to take a little time in chapel. Under the guidance of Mrs. McClintock, they have

accomplished much. They have been constant in their practice and it is no surprise to each of them. The members of this energetic crowd are Mamie White, Lois Goff, Gertrude Alexander, Golda Bowman, Margaret Verner and Genevieve Nivoche.



SENIOR GIRLS' SEXTETTE.



HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' GLEE CLUB

MISS MAYE ROBERTS.

Miss Roberts is a young girl of unusual talent for music. She won the high-school musical contest, and competed in the inter-



MAYE ROBERTS

high school contest held at Durant April 5. Although she did not get the decision of the judges, we feel proud of her and the able way in which she represented Ardmore High School.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

For the past three or four years there has been in Ardmore a feeling of pride that she is known as the "musical city." Ardmore possesses some of the very best musical talent to be found in the state. The high school is contributing her part, and even more, to make that name known throughout the entire state. The story has been often told of how other schools surpass us in equipment, in buildings, in numbers; but invariably it has come that we beat them when it comes to singing.

No one is surprised to learn that A. H. S. has a good girls' glee club, but this year we have surprised them beyond measure with the excellent work of the boys' glee club. Mrs. McTintock is well pleased with the work they have done.

* * *

I have a hard time;
I earn all I spend;
I pay all I borrow,
And lose all I lend.

* * *

Hail to the seniors of 1912!

May their fondest dreams come true,
May their joys be many, their success be great,
And their troubles and sorrows be few.



CLUB OF THE MONTH



THE CRITERION CLUB



GARDEN IN HEDGE





High School

GENTRY HODGES
PRINCIPAL



ANNIE E. LITTER
LATIN



CLAUDINE WILKINSON
HISTORY

Faculty



MRS. W. C. MCCLINTOCK
MUSIC



MARTHA MOFFET
GERMAN AND FRENCH



H. H. MEAD
SCIENCE



O. D. BRIGGS
ENGLISH

Oratorical Contest

Ardmore High School has viewed with intense interest the movements of her football team when on the gridiron, has looked on in breathless anxiety when her track men were working till every muscle was strained; but never has there been such interest, such unbounded enthusiasm, such uncertainty as to the outcome, in the whole history of A. H. S., as there was in the oratorical contest held in



GOLDA BOWMAN

the Robison Opera House on the evening of Feb. 22, 1912. The house was full, and so was every member of each class—of enthusiasm. The very atmosphere seemed to throb with interest.

When the first speaker, Mr. Leland McNeese, arose, a silence crept over the audience until not a sound was heard. With the ease and grace of an experienced orator, he began with a clear and musical voice, and as he told us of our own dear southland, at one time thriving and growing with its wonderful planter aristocracy—afterward a scene of devastation and woe, the old plantation burned and the old negro, who so often sat at evening, happy and content by his little cabin, playing the

tunes so dear to him—these all swept away and blood running in furrows but yesterday made—but now a south of union and freedom, with its numberless humming industries, made possible by the indomitable courage of the footsore soldier who knew not defeat, who turned his head from Appamatox toward his ruined home and made "the fields that ran red in blood in November white with harvest in June"—we realized that he would be hard to defeat.

The next speaker of the evening, Wilford Hendon, proved himself worthy of the honor given him. It is seldom that a boy so young will choose for an oration the subject, "A Tribute to American Motherhood." After hearing such discourse on the mothers of



AND M'NEES

America, every one present realized that "Gladstone was not the mightiest of all when martial music greeted his ears as he walked in foreign lands, when the crowns of nations were strewn in his paths as garlands, but that the simple housewife, sitting by her fireside,

with no music save the chirp of the cricket beneath the hearth-stone, with no garlands in her path save the love of a devoted husband, was greater than he." The speaker reached the climax of his power when he brought many to tears by reciting Kipling's "Mother o' Mine."

By Allie Mae Gwinn, the third speaker, we were again reminded that, of all lands, of all peoples, the south is by far the greatest and the grandest in history. Although slightly low in stature, she soared high in the realms of oratory and praise. She showed that she was a true southern girl, with a soul large enough to appreciate the whole of our glorious nation. The development of the south was traced from the time St. Augustine became the home of the seafaring men, down through the dark days of the war, and still darker days of reconstruction, to the present day, when the south is a potent commercial and political factor in our national affairs.

We have often read of that one great man, and wondered why the world loves, why the

people whom he fought against said, "The soil of Virginia may be his birth, the south may have had his services, the soil of Virginia may also cover his grave, what was mortal of him they claim; but the spirit and the soul, the genius of the mighty man, the immortal man—these belong to his country and his God." But we never realized before hearing so forcible a speaker the worth of that "man among men," Robert E. Lee, whose virtues were extolled by Thaddeus Baker.

The last on the program was Golda Bowman's discourse on "Universal Peace." War has many horrors, but peace is more like the kingdom of the gods. Miss Bowman, graceful as one could wish to be, held the audience spellbound as she led them to see—yes, almost to feel and enjoy—the times when we shall have universal peace.

The contest was the closest in the history of the school. The two seniors, Leland McNeese and Golda Bowman, won first and second prizes.

The Shawnee Debate

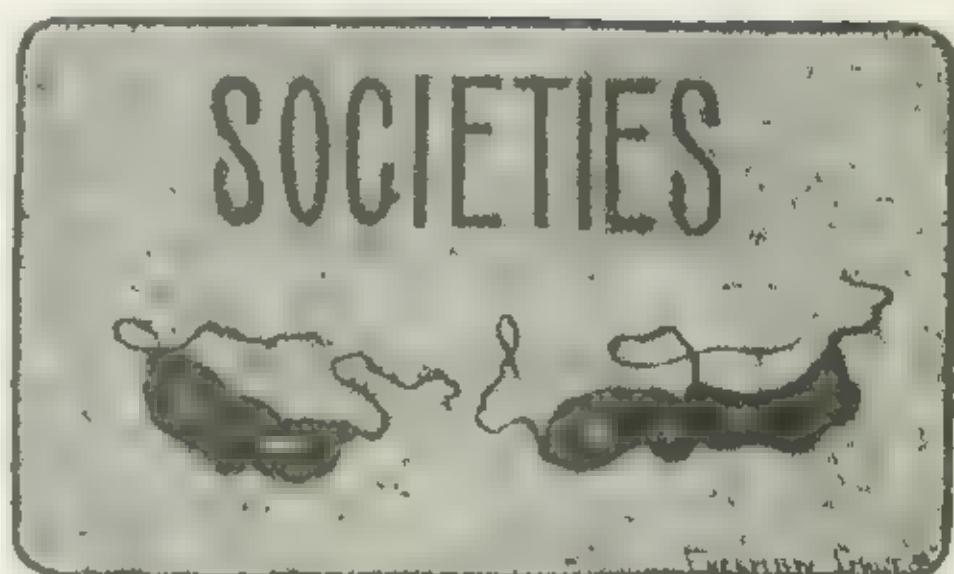
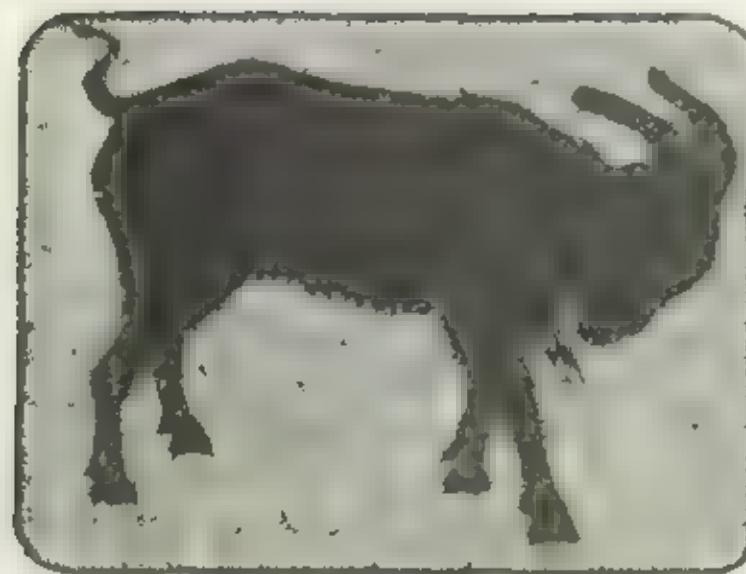
(Continued from page 48)

the fight was on. E. Hendon opened first fire and completely demolished the castle of tradition, showing that the recall has succeeded wherever tried; and so complete was the capture that the enemy never attempted to regain the position. After the echoes of the return fire had died away, G. Anderson assailed the favorite stronghold of the foe, that other means will accomplish the same ends as the recall, and after fifteen minutes of continuous volleying left it little more than a mass of ruins. The enemy responded with a somewhat wavering fire, but soon seemed to withdraw. Then W. Hendon led forth all his forensic artillery against the fort of distrust of the people's ability to rule. The fire was continuous, rapid and awful; and when the smoke of con-

flict had rolled away, there was seen to be not one stone of the once famous fort left upon another.

An unsuspected thicket, failure of the recall to put out an officer in Shawnee, had concealed a few sharpshooters, and from this quarter a somewhat irregular firing was kept up for fifteen minutes longer. Again E. Hendon led forth the batteries of his logic and this time swept the entire field. There seemed not an enemy on the field, and Ardmore retired to her camp, confident the day had been won.

From a hillside far in the rear, the auditorium gallery, some refugees who had taken no part in the conflict, set up a shout that Shawnee was in possession of the field, and was therefore the winner; and, by a 2-to-1 vote, the victory—though, as the general of the Shawnee forces called it, a technical one—was given to the enemy.



SOCIETIES

Editorial Staff

Philomathean Society

ELAINE MCNEESE
GOLDA BOWMAN
CLAIRE DYER

President
Vice President
Secretary-Treasurer

Class Meeting

The seniors of the high school and their teachers were entertained on Friday evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Cox, by two of their popular seniors, Misses Essie Winston and George Anderson.

Mrs. Cox, Miss Essie and George arrived at the door of the reception hall, which was beautifully decorated in class colors—red and white. They were then joined by five juniors, the girls being led to the dressing room by Misses Ruth Blake, Beatrice Fraley and Gladys Williams, who assisted Miss Anderson in entertaining, thence to the living room, the boys being led to the living room by Ed Winston.

Mrs. Houghton gracefully presided at the punch bowl throughout the evening, this being among potted plants in a decorated corner of the reception hall.

Many merry contests were indulged in, with a touch of "April fool," causing much merriment.

The most important contest was a Shakespearean romance, when many questions concerning same were answered by naming some of his plays.

The successful prize went to Mr. Royce Krueger, Mr. Mead receiving the booby prize, which was done up in a tin box, carefully wrapped in white paper tied with dainty loops of ribbon in the colors. He hesitated about opening this, insisting there must be some living creature to jump out at him, but upon being convinced that nothing should hurt him, he timidly opened it, to find two innocent-looking pickles awaiting their turn to add to a repast.

Little Miss Helen Hodges favored her admiring friends by gracefully doing some athletic stunts, which went to show that she inherited her honorable father's love for this favorite sport.

Next came a vocal quartette, called "April Showers," by "Kerchewsky," by Misses

Golda Bowman and Genevieve Nivoche and Messrs. Leland McNeese and Ernest Hendon. Miss Helen Terry played a most brilliant prelude, toning down to the softest accompaniment, when the quartette bravely cleared throats, then opened mouths as for grand opera and gracefully resumed their seats, leaving a breathlessly expectant audience a little "April fooled."

They were then led to the dining-room, where a buffet luncheon was served, class colors predominating—all decorations gay-colored festoons of ribbons running from the electrolier in all directions, caught to the wall with loops and ends, forming a canopy of the colors; the table decorations were a cut-glass bowl of white daisies and red geraniums, a rich ebony piece, and small cut glasses with mints on tiny pieces were scattered here and there.

The luncheon consisted of a salad course and fruit sherbet, each article adding its part to the colors, the sherbet being red and white, the angel-food cake and the watermelon cake of red and white, with raisins for seed, adding their part to the color scheme.

SOPHOMORE PROGRAM.

The high-school students assembled in Carnegie hall one Friday afternoon in April at 2:30 to enjoy a program given by the sophomore class, who thought it was about their time to share in the literary world, which is usually inhabited only by seniors and an occasional junior. Following was the program:

Piano solo, "Invitation to the Dance"—Keyte Madden.

Reading, "Irish Astronomy"—Dorothy Smith.

Violin solo, "The Sigurd"—Mrs. Tietgens.

Reading, "When Ignorance Is Bliss"—Ethel Ikard.

Solo—Julienne Westheimer.

Violin solo, "Kiwiaik"—Marguerite Baral.

Solo—Miss Wilkinson.

Reading, "Little Boy Blue"—Lucille Cook.

Piano solo, "Rustle of Spring"—Joy Moore.

Piano solo, "Wando"—Madaline Colbert.

Selection—High school orchestra.

The program was enjoyed very much by every one present, and every one voted it a grand success.

The Senior Burlesque

Once every year in Ardmore
The seniors give a play,
And imitate the faculty
In many a cunning way.

One morning we gathered at Carnegie—
It was on the longed-for day
When the seniors amuse their classmates,
With their annual little play.

Walter Drew was Mr. Mead,
Respected teacher of science,
Best known as yell leader fine,
To whom we may look for reliance.

A good counterfeit of Mr. Richards
Was Joe Frank Williams—a boy
Who, if he studies faithfully,
Will be to all a joy.

Walter Pittman—well,
Mr. Hodges himself does no better—
His walk, his stutter, his lectures,
Were imitated to the letter.

OVER

Harold Ditzler, as Mr. Briggs,
Was appreciated by all;
I am sure the public speaking class
Is a credit to Carnegie Hall.

Elizabeth Gwinn was a copy
Of Miss Littler, who can tell
Every word in Cicero's orations,
In that language we *love* so well.

Lilly Duson was Miss Moffet,
And a charming mimie was she,
Who copied Miss Moffet's "irritated,"
As correctly as could be.

And kindly music teacher,
Well were you pictured, too,
When Miss Gertrude led your chorus,
I thought 'twas surely you.

Last, but not least, comes Helen Terry;
Miss Wilkinson in her sound a twin;
She was like her in every detail,
Yes, even to her grin.

Thus pleasantly the hours passed by,
'Mid laughter, jokes and fun,
And we think the day of the senior burlesque
Is a very happy one.

Into the Jaws of Norman

(Continued from page)

CHAPTER V

After cleaning up and paying hotel dues, thought I would try some other "beauties" for supper. Looked them all over, but still could not decide, as they all looked so tempting—not. Got into a place; my first impression was that it might be a place to eat, but later found it was only a place to test your temper. Sat muckily on a stool for thirty minutes, dodging pewter implements and near me, which was being thrown at a box near me. One waiter finally realized I could not be scared out and condescended to wait on me. Left later in a sour frame of mind and with a dark brown taste in my mouth. Found the rest of the band still at The Agnes.

CHAPTER VI.

Though all being tired, we managed to stay up until time for the train, by operating the electric piano and giving recitals. The time grew very heavy, and the horrifying news of one hour late wrought havoc, but the terrifying news of "it will be along some time in the morning" was a shock to the strongest.

The sample-room tables, parlor and sidewalks helped some. Was it cold after that illuminated dew! O chatters! Railing dismal dark Main Street for some eats at 5:15 a. m. is no king of sports. Aroused the snoring coffee brazier in one "all-night lunch" and got a wedge of pie. Nothing ever looked more inviting than that era of red plush on that long-looked-for southbound.

CHAPTER VII.

I earnestly second the motion to erect a monument to Fred Harvey, as it was his resuce station where we appeased our hunger, thereby saving some thirty lives. From Purcell the seats grew harder, the train slower, and eyelids got heavier, and the first glimpse of dear old Ardmore has deeply imbedded itself in my mind for all time. Of course, 10 a. m. is a little different from 4 a. m., but it is certainly more fashionable and handy for those who wished to go to church. So ended the great eventful trip, all of which one must go through to see Ardmore have twenty-three points put up to her credit on the score board, and to be there when Ardmore takes the state championship.

R. K., '12.

Gentry Hodges

Three years ago, when our principal, W. C. Canterbury, left us, we thought that none could be found to fill his place. But it was not so. For in Mr. Hodges we have found a man who has measured up to every standard, and has even reached higher than could be reasonably expected from a principal. An attempt to enumerate the many good things which he has done for Ardmore High School would prove very futile.

He has come to us as well prepared as any high-school principal in the west, and has a record which has followed him, of which any person could be proud. After completing a full course in the University of Virginia, he attended Johns Hopkins and did much post-graduate work. While in the former school he won much distinction as a debater and speaker, having won a very handsome prize given in a debating contest. He graduated among the first of his class, and now holds A. M. and A. B. degrees.

Mr. Hodges came to Ardmore in the summer of 1909, and began his duties in September as principal and mathematics teacher. Here he has remained every day since he began, continuously. As soon as he began his duties he initiated a new system for managing our athletic sports. Ardmore, athletically speaking, was dead; the people and patrons seemed against it. The first season in football was not so successful as the later ones,

but a renewed vigor and zeal were manifested. The patrons began to realize that, after all, athletic sports were essential to properly balanced school life, and that under the management of one so fitted, they began to encourage it.

In the spring he alone supported and financed our track team and sent them to the southeastern meet, where they won even against the normal school. The next year began with bright hopes. Mr. Hodges demanded that all who took part in football should have a written consent from their parents. The rest of our athletics to the present time is known, not only to the high-school students, but to all the state. With all due credit given, Mr. Hodges deserves as much, yes, perhaps more, than any other man.

The great and energetic work done by our principal is not confined to the running, jumping and playing of the boys and girls, but he is a master in the schoolroom. His work there is as thorough and complete and as practical as any found anywhere. Nor is his influence bound by the schoolroom walls; his energy and enthusiasm radiate through the entire city and have affected the town wonderfully. He is the pupils' friend and he makes them feel it. No hour is too late, no work too arduous to cause him to give up, and he always will be found ready and willing to help and advise. We are fortunate, indeed, in having such a man to lead and inspire us.

A CONUNDRUM

What starts your work
And makes you mad,
Then ends it all,
And makes you glad?
The bell!

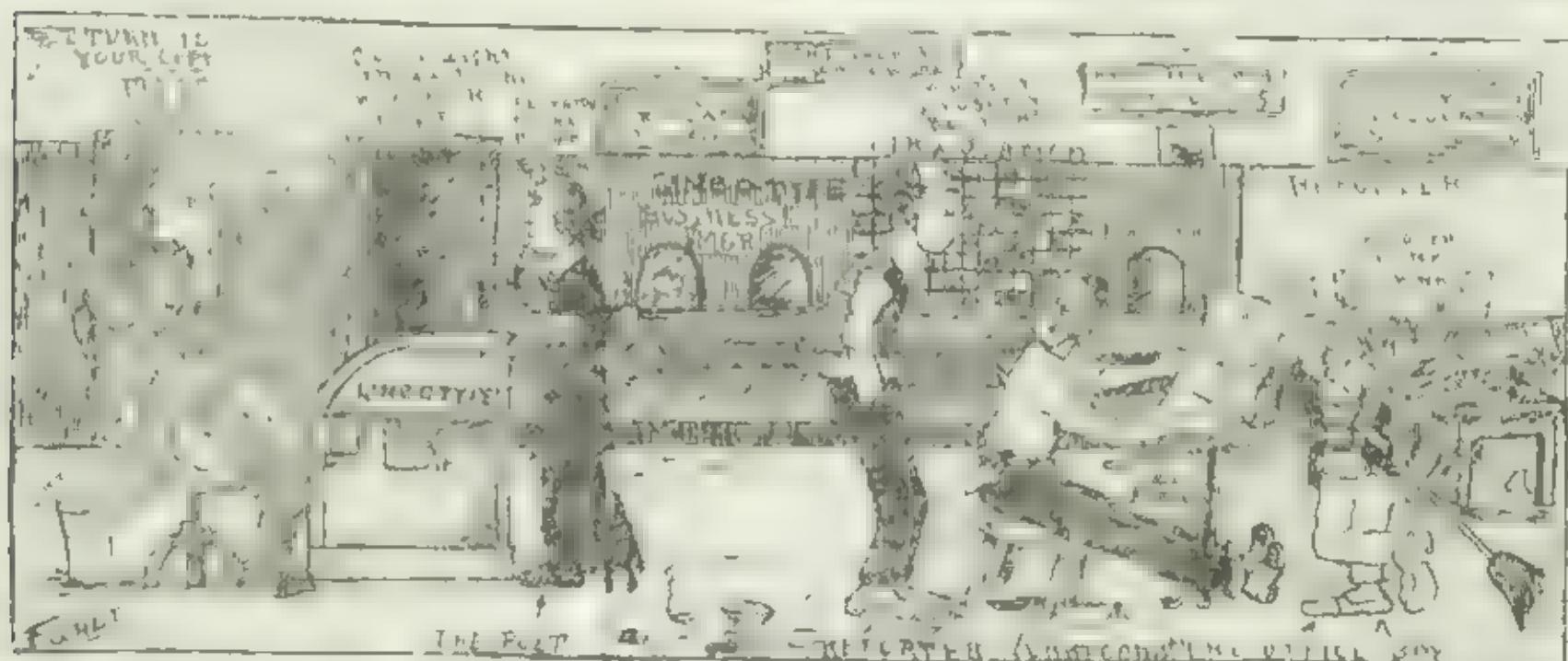
OBJECT
"THE UPLIFT"MOTTO
GET UNDERNEATH"

VOL. I

ARDMORE, OKLA., MAY 22, 1912

No 5

A LINE-O'-TYPE OR TWO



WEATHER FORECAST

Washington, D. C. 20 — Snow
dustries.

To senior girls: carry your muffs

ONE ON YE EDITOR

Having finished his simple meal of blubber, the Eskimo wiped his fingers in his hair and sat down to read the *Midnight Sun*. A slight crunching of snow caused him to turn his head. He beheld a white man muffled in his mits and wearing snow shoes.

"And who are you?" inquired the Eskimo.

"I am Ernest Hendon," replied the stranger, for indeed it was he. "I represent *The Criterion*, and would like an ad. setting forth the resources of this country. How about a half page?"

A — A — A —

Try to snatch a little sleep if possible

LIPINA

Will cure anything from
Rabies to falling hair
Try our novelty,
The Lipina Jag.

S. R. PRIS

"You had better get your thinking cap on, as I am going to call on you for a speech."

"Didn't you say you were short a few invitations? I would be willing to let you — ten."

Here's a dollar refund. We found we could not use all the money in the class treasury."

Mr. Well. "What are you still posing for? Your — ure has been tak

Score, as the train left for Durant, 3 p. m., 110 to 18, in favor of the gum

5 p. m., 124 to 4

COMPARISONS

Sick—Worse—Dead
Hamburger—Hamlet—Ham

Hurry up, Wilie, unchain the dog

COUNT de BUTZ
and
OKLAHOMA JO
Northbound

TOWER OF REASON.

Founded Feb. 20, 1911.
Editor, Royce Krueger
aff

ather Forecaster, Prof. Will R. Rom.
Cartoonist, Freeman Galt.
Humorist, A. Clown.
Printer's devil, Jack Bleakmore.
Bill Shakespeare

IN THE PRESS ROOM

editor received quite a shock last week, when, on looking over a list of the subscribers, only one of the two could be located.

Our office boy, finding that we hated a falsehood more than any other of the minor vices, consequently admitted, after a third degree sweat, that he had wiped the ink roller on the office towel.

We lamentate the fact that, after working years for sheepskin, only to receive and hide it in a drawer. Why couldn't they be used for powder rags?

"If it was raining soup, Jodie Wil-
lins would be caught in it with only a
fork.

MAY 22, 1912

A LINE-O'-TYPE OR TWO

PAGE 2

EDITORIAL

While the primary purpose of this column is to please the "boss" and ourselves, we (occasionally) receive some very spicy criticisms. We have recently created a brickbat department, and to this please address all slanderous messages to this department, where they will be given the absent treatment.

Furthermore, I, Royce Krueger, shall pay no more attention to threatening letters from suffragettes, unless accompanied by photographs.

All donations for another gun to be purchased for the Southeastern Normal meet, sent to ye editor will be promptly forwarded to the proper authorities. Every cent for this is for old A. H. S., so let the coin drop with a merry clink.

Receipts to date: "Doe" Skinny, Jr., hat check; cash, 10c; from an anonymous source, 10,000 shares of Ardmore New York A. R. R.; par value, \$25,000,000; market value, \$1 per roll.

It is with great regret ye editor, as he grasps his quill, realizes this is his last editorial he will write for this noble organ which he started. Starting from a mere vague idea, it has grown to a now flourishing sheet, employing ten men and occupying the spacious offices in our own building, as the above cut shows.

Notice to the future editor: Please water and take care of it, so it will not wither, dry up and perish.

HUMOR

"Had a fine sunrise this morning," said Bill Bynum to Frame. "Did you see it?"

"Sunrise?" said Frame. "Why, I have been managing to get in just a little before."

Thousands for graduation, and not a cent for vacation.

"I guess I'm some pumpkin," said baggard "Doe" Son. "A fellow in Durant asked me if I wasn't 'Budly' Nelson."

"Pshaw!" said "Deacon" Brown, "a son, send for Burns." "Guy over there came to me and said, 'Holy Moses, is that you?'

Mr. Hedges: "Miss Rossington, do I ums from the laboratory you see this proportion?"

Mary: "Oh, yes! It's delightfully transparent."

"But what of it?" as Aeneas remarked to Dido

A fellow who won't get up when he's knocked down is of no use

SPORING NOTES

Mead sometimes stands for "medium," but not our Harry H. Mead

Lloyd will have to grow to catch Budd in the 220

"Come on over, Pitty Phil certain climbs the fish pole

I say, did you see Andy throw that discus?

"Oh, Mr. Mead, what is sodium benzylsulphoneparamophenylarsenate?"

ADVERTISEMENTS

Dr. Paul Frame

(Beauty Specialist)

The handy doctor with a butcher knife

Funeral expenses prepaid

Pudd McNeese, Assistant

LOST—Suitcase, with contents, and in Norman. No questions asked. Liberal reward if returned to R. K., clo Line o' Type.

We certainly feel slighted, as we have received advertisements from only 108 schools.

Miss Moffet: "Stop that laughing!"

Willis: "Can't I indulge in a little merriment?"

The official kelly for Ardmore is the white knock a bout this season.

Sherlock Holmes looked worn and

"I give it up," he gasped. "I cannot find an undecorated song book. Wait

"Pshaw!" said "Deacon" Brown, "a son, send for Burns." Reaching for the hypo, he gave himself another coke treatment.

Our Mary Jane,

She's gone to the silent hence
She lit the fire with gasoline,
And hasn't been zinc sense

Sweeter than the breezes from the sunny south,

Are the tinkling ablations of my auto mouth,

How I love its giddy gurgle,
How I love its ceaseless flow,
How I love to set my mouth off,
How I love to hear it go

We have for sale in our odes an idea which is as deep as a well, and as wide as a barn door, and are willing to trade it for a hand press or a meal ticket

The Buck Mead front restaurant of Norman was preparing for a rush one morning when in walked Pudd, Roe Ikard and Leland McNeese. All being hungry enough to eat a couple of safety razors and chew the teeth off a buzz saw.

Pudd: "Hash?"

"Gentleman wants to take a chance," shouts the waiter

"I'll have hash, too," says Roe

"Another sport," yells the waiter.

"Oh, I'll take chicken croquette and glass of milk," adds Pudd

"I out ball, and let it rat—shouts the waiter.

It is said that an auburn haired beauty taught Roe Ikard how to operate the electric piano at The Agnes

A certain well known young lady was recently reprimanded by her mother, because her high school beau stayed so late the night before.

"But, mother, he left at ten."

"Oh, no, but he didn't. Before he closed the door I heard him say, 'Just one!'"

Miss Moffet: "Here is your note book?"

Boots: "My head is my notebook."

Miss Moffet: "That's a blank book."

As we dash to press, we might say, "we laid 'em down" this year on the track.



J. DENON
PRESIDENT SENATE

S. TOLI
PRESIDENT

Moot Congress

When former Superintendent Evans arrived in 1905, things began to move, and are still moving in Ardmore High School. He started many fine organizations, which have made the schools of the city recognized and admired. Our new superintendent is keeping them up to their standards, and they are growing stronger each day. Among the many organizations that he instituted, none has done so much practical good as the Moot Congress. The pupils are taught and become accustomed to think on their feet. One prominent school man of this state once said of the pupils of Ardmore High School "that they are easier before an audience and are able to express themselves more clearly before an audience than any he had ever seen."

The organization of the Moot Congress is based on that of the national congress. It is composed of a senate and house of representatives. The senate is made up of the members of the junior and senior classes. The house of representatives is made up of the sophomores.

Annual elections are held. The president of the United States is elected from the faculty, while the vice-president is one of the senators. These elections are always of interest, because the high school is divided into two great parties: the liberals and conservatives. Each party has nominees who are voted on by the whole high school student body. Presidential electors are chosen in each party, and instructed to vote for the party nominees.

SENATE.

The senate, as one division of the congress, was organized in 1907, with Kelly Brown as president. Kelly is now a member of the law firm of Brown & Brown in this city. The next year the membership increased. Louis Ledbetter was elected president. Louis is now a senior law student in the state university. In 1909 Fred E. Tucker, present superintendent of Carter County, was elected to the presidency. The following year Allen Swan presided, and in 1910 Norman Clark, who is now a pupil in Selvidge Business College, was



THADDEUS BAKER
SPEAKER, HOUSE

MABEL REED
CLERK, HOUSE

president, and in 1912 Ernest Hendon was elected to the chair.

The membership has continually increased until now it numbers about eighty live and energetic senators.

THE HOUSE.

The house of representatives was organized at the same time as the senate. This year the increase in population has necessarily enlarged the body until not less than seventy seven brilliant young statesmen are seated in

the north wing of the capitol. Thaddeus Baker is speaker and Mabel Reed is clerk. Some good work is being done. Much good is being derived from the work. Pupils are encouraged to study the questions which are presenting themselves to the American people daily, and are attempting to solve them by remedial legislation. In this congress questions pertaining to national, state, city or school subjects can be discussed. Interest in current events is aroused by this work, as nothing else can.

Ward Notes

Jefferson School

The year's work is nearly done, and Jefferson school finds herself more ready for the final test than ever before. Some pretty difficult problems have presented themselves, but they have all been solved by the earnest thought of a corps of zealous teachers, whose every waking thought has been for the betterment of the school as a whole or individual grade. Principal Coffman has been heard to

remark, several times, that he wants the same teachers with him another year.

The pupils, with a few exceptions, have spent the year in serious study, and now begin to see how much it counts. They have seemed to realize that each day's work is an important part of the year's work, and have tried to make them all count for and not against the final average.

The industrial work has proved to be very popular, as well as very useful. Several pupils have beautiful baskets to show for their trouble, and blistered thumbs. Let us have more of it another year. More people make their way in the world with their hands than their heads. Why not train the hands! A trained eye and skilled hand have surely as great a use in the world and as honorable a place.

✿✿✿

As usual, Jefferson school glee club, with "Miss Nellie" in charge, is the best in the city. If a prize is offered this year, they will be much disappointed if they don't get it. They have worked hard, and the results are there to show it. Their voices blend well and a chorus of strength and beauty is the result.

✿✿✿

Anybody that doubts the skill of little fingers should look into the primary grades some day and see the many beautiful and clever ideas that have been worked out by the efforts of the skillful heads of this department.

✿✿✿

Third and Fourth Ward teachers were very fortunate in having two days each to visit the other schools. There is nothing more helpful to a teacher than to see another teacher's work. This is recognized in most schools, and teachers are sent to visit, at least one day in the year.

The May-day exercises this year were prettier than ever before. More drills and games were given, and the pupils all showed better training. A thing like this, of course, grows better year by year.

✿✿✿

The subject of the negro population of the state was being discussed. The fact that some towns had many, some few and some none, was mentioned, and Chickasha was mentioned as having a large negro population. A boy remarked: "I know why they like Chickasha: it's because it sounds like *chicken*."

✿✿✿

Some very excellent sight reading is being done in third grade. Under Miss Hopson's good management they have become a band of steady, cheerful little workers. Our own graduates all make successful teachers.

✿✿✿

Children have really beautiful thoughts and express themselves wonderfully well. One of the teachers has a dress with a collar of brilliant plaid. A little fellow, begging her to wear the dress, said, "The one with the rainbow collar."

✿✿✿

Our hearts were saddened by the tragic death of little Pettit. The exercises planned for Washington's birthday were not given, because of the shadow it cast over two homes in the ward.

Washington School

The best year in the history of the Washington school is drawing to a close. The loyalty and conscientious work of the teacher force and the good attendance and punctuality of pupils has created interest and consequently worthy results. The support of patrons and the mothers' club has helped greatly in the carrying out of the work.

Lucy Fraley, in the eighth, and Charles Granburg, in the seventh, have made the highest average grades for the year.

✿✿✿

Clarence Smith, of third grade, is wearing a gold medal won in the county oratorical contest. He represented the city in the first division.

Eighth-grade teacher: "Eslie, what is the plural of appendix?"

Eslie (with great assurance): "Appendicitis!"

Teacher to pupil: "Carol, describe the Nile River."

Carol: "It rises at Alexandria, flows south and empties into the Great Lakes."

On being asked the cause of the absence from school of a little girl, this answer was given by another pupil: "Why, they took her grandmother to the cemetery today (pause) to be operated on."

Sixth grade, Second Ward, has won no medals, developed no prodigies, but so far as good, solid get-ready-for-life work is concerned, we claim to have accomplished our full share.

The fourth grade has made an especially good record this year, both in attendance and punctuality. Mabel Cline, one of our leaders, has not missed a day nor been tardy for three years. Georgia Brook and Alzada Carnahan have also been perfect in attendance and punctuality. Emma Wall and Russell Weeks have been our class leaders, with a dozen close followers.

The per cent of attendance in the fifth grade of Washington school has increased each month. Those who have been perfect in attendance and who have not been tardy this term are: Pernie Clowdus, Leon Daube, Willie Smither, Myrtle Smither, A. V. Labbait, Ella Self and Minnie Walling.

Since Alva Sullivan and Cicero Smith won first and second places in the 50-yard dash at the Carter County meet, the boys of second grade have renewed their interest in athletics.

Franklin School

The Franklin school May day was a grand success. Even the day was perfect, the sun shining and only a slight breeze blowing. Of course, all of First Ward was out, but we also had visitors from other wards, both pupils and patrons.

The evening started off with the May-queen drill by seventh- and eighth-grade girls. At the crowning of the May queen a picture was taken. Following this drill each grade had a folk game. At the close of each, smiles and nods of approval ran through the crowd. Some girls from third and fourth grades gave the Venetian flower drill. It was a beautiful drill and was perfectly given, showing a great deal of grace and accuracy. Also a number of the fifth- and sixth-grade girls gave a Japa-

neso drill. This was gotten up well and was pleasing to the whole audience. A row of funny clowns appeared with their antics, which permitted and received plenty of laughter. Next came a group of small girls in daisy costumes and sang a daisy song with gestures. This was very pretty and received its full amount of applause.

An Indian-club drill by twelve boys was beautiful. This drill was fully appreciated, although the boys had no expectations of attracting attention. After the day was over compliments were given on every side. The appreciation of the exercises was shown by a Franklin mother, who sent a bunch of carnations to the twelve boys in the Indian-club drill and to the only boy in the Japanese drill.

EXCHANGES



That "commerce is the path-breaker of civilization" is proven by the history of every primitive people whose surroundings make commerce essential for support. And why does commerce affect the intellect of nations? Because it is impossible to trade with any people without an exchange of ideas, customs and learning taking place, which results in the fact that the seafaring peoples of ancient times became the most civilized. Thus commerce is an intellectual as well as a material exchange.

One of the best examples that can be given to prove the value of commerce is the history of European countries, as affected by the Phoenicians. Had it not been for these daring Phoenician soldiers and traders, it is doubtful to say at what stage of civilization the world would have been today. Probably it would have just reached the Atlantic, still trembling for its safety from the barbarians. Certain it is that the progress and spread of civilization would have been slow!

Oriental culture in the time of the Phoenicians was nearly at its height, but its people were neither enterprising nor commercial.

Left to itself, the Orient would never have reached a higher state of civilization, and so would have crystallized or have been blotted out by the barbarian inroads. The proof of

this statement lies in the fact that the Oriental world of modern times is very little in advance of its ancient culture.

But while this danger of stagnation was threatening the Orient, the Phoenicians had been spreading this culture throughout Europe and northern Africa. They seemed ordained to have this existing bit of civilization by transportation, though unconsciously, to newer and more vigorous peoples. In Greece this culture lived to be transmitted to the Romans, and then to the land of the Britons.

During all this time of progress civilization had traveled westward, and today, with the same swift but noiseless energy as in the past, it is still pursuing its course. It has swept the western hemisphere and has again reached the East, as shown by the awakening of China after centuries of slumber and isolation. So, as the trade winds of the earth are turned westward by the motion of the earth as they near the equator, it seems that civilization, swayed by the same indomitable force, likewise turns westward.

Thus the world has been enveloped in this ever-progressing and enlightened present. Never again shall civilization be thwarted by the war cry of the savage. Never again shall it totter on the brink of success. But let us not forget that the cause of this world-wide

progress lies mainly in the fact that the Phœnicians acted as the missionaries of civilization, that would have otherwise been blotted out!

Trade, traffic, intercourse and exchange are all synonyms of commerce. Hence we may now turn our attention to a more earnest, yet not less-interesting, point of view, known as exchange, without changing the subject.

This division of the paper has been fitly termed the "Exchange," in which we may communicate our criticisms and ideas to each other. The knowledge thus gained in this way will remain with us, because it is printed, and printed essence is ever ready for reference and reflection.

But on account of lack of space, criticism will be omitted and we bid you a happy farewell, awaiting your return next year.



"Professor," said the student, "I can't find the word 'appendicitis' in this dictionary."

"Look in the appendix," advised the professor.—*Holland's Magazine*.



She is in the bathroom sprayin' out her throat,
Dad's hustled outdoors to fumigate the goat,
Ma's a-takin' tablets at the kitchen sink—
Perhaps I'd better wash—my—hands—
But I ain't scared, by jinks!

—*Holland's Magazine*.



THE PSALMIST TO HIS PONY.

1. The pony is my helper; I shall not flunk.
2. He raiseth my standing, he leadeth me in the paths of knowledge for credit's sake.
3. Yea, though I plod through the fourth book of Virgil, I shall fear no evil; for thou art with me, and thy phrases they comfort me.
4. Thou preparest my lessons for me in spite of my teachers; thou crownest my head with fame, my standing runneth high.
5. Surely applause and recognition shall

follow me all the days of my life, and my pony shall dwell in my house forever.—*Exchange*.



"That's right," said the teacher encouragingly to the very small boy who was laboriously learning his A B C's, "what comes after G?"

"Whiz!"—*Exchange*.



The grand essentials of life are something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—*Exchange*.



Young lady (kindly): "Maggie, I hope you wash your teeth regularly!"

Maggie (indignantly): "Brush me teeth? Wot would I do that for! There ain't no hair on me teeth!"—*Drummer's Yarns*.



An old gentleman walked up to the pretty girl attendant at the counting room of a daily newspaper office a few days ago, and said:

"Miss, I would like to get copies of your paper for a week back."

"You had better get a porous plaster," she abstrinetely replied. "You get them just across the street."—*Holland's Magazine*.



Mrs. Dearborn: "You say that is Mrs. Burke Martin?"

Mrs. Wabash: "Yes; Burke was her name and Martin was her husband's name."

Mrs. Dearborn: "But why does she use the hyphen between the names?"

Mrs. Wabash: "To show that she is separated from her husband."—*Dallas News*.



In EVERY FEAST remember that there are two guests to be entertained; the body and the soul; and that what you give the body you presently lose, but what you give the soul remains forever.—*Epictetus*.



CAST OF HIGH SCHOOL PLAY

Esmeralda

"The best amateur performance that I have ever seen put on," "just perfectly great"—were the words which were heard everywhere, from interested spectators and enthusiastic high school students alike. It was a great success in every way; first of all, the choice of play and the selection of the cast. With an all-star cast and under the direction of Miss Claudine Wilkinson, nothing short of success was expected, but such a complete success went beyond the expectation of every one. As Superintendent Richards announced the following morning in chapel, "The school play last evening, along with our victory in the field meet and our splendid scoring in debate, marks the progress of the school."

The plot of the play, "Esmeralda," centers around an ambitious mother who considers herself a drudge on the old home farm in North Carolina, and makes life miserable for her poor husband and little Esmeralda, who both love their home dearly.

The play opens with Drew, a shrewd business man, accompanied by his friend, a man of polished exterior, but generous and warm-hearted, attempting to buy the home for almost nothing, although he knows there is ore on the place. Esmeralda's lover, with some assistance from Esterbrook, succeeds in exposing Drew, and is rewarded by having his Esmeralda dragged off by her mother to Paris, where she at last "will have a chance." The

old man is in sympathy with Dave and Esmeralda, who has to leave the little house Dave has built for her without even seeing it; but he doesn't dare to "stand agin mother."

As the play proceeds, we see Mrs. Rodgers doing her best to marry poor little Esmeralda to a marquis, and we find Esmeralda and her father both dragged around, from one round of society to another, although their hearts are beating for "North Carolina." But they have gained warm friends in Jack Desmond and his two sisters, who, with Esterbrook, finally succeed in bringing Dave—the same honest and loyal Dave, who has followed them to Paris—and Esmeralda together again, revealing the fact that the ore has been found on Dave's land, instead, and that all the last months he had been supplying Mrs. Rodgers with money, as her royalties now were of no value. While working in the interest of the Rodgers, Esterbrook and Nora Desmond develop a love affair of their own, which concludes very happily.

Mrs. Rodgers now is in a very embarrassed position, but good old Dave rises to the occasions and old relations are established, only this time mother sits back and listens.

Every role was excellently portrayed, without a single exception. Those who had comparatively only a few lines made so much of their parts that they all measured up to the same high standard.

Miss Annie Anderson, as Mrs. Rodgers, carried off her difficult role with exceptional success. Too much praise cannot be given her work.

Esmeralda, dear little "Esmeraldy," won the hearts of all of us, and her lines when she at last made her stand against mother were given in such a way as would have won credit

for any professional from exacting critics.

Helen Sayre, as Nora, and Golda Bowman, as Kate Desmond, sisters of Jack Desmond, the artist, were very girlish and natural. Walter Drew, as their big brother Jack, so concerned in their welfare that it was hard to believe that they really weren't brothers and sisters, carried out his part well. Helen Sayre's work in the role of Nora was especially clever. She made us appreciate warm-hearted, impulsive Nora, feel grateful for the help she gave the Rodgers, and rejoice with her when she discovered her love for Esterbrook. Leland McNees, as Esterbrook, was the polished, leisurely gentleman of ease, to perfection. His attempt to propose and his final success were presented very skillfully.

Thaddeus Baker, as Dave, was forceful and manly. He portrayed Esmeralda's North Carolinian lover as every inch a man. His beautiful deep voice and Esmeralda's were both ideal for the two parts.

Royce Krueger, as old man Rodgers, could not possibly have been better. His make-up, carriage, dialect and interpretation of the lines completely transformed him into a peace-loving, tender-hearted old man.

Harold Ditzler gave a very creditable presentation of the shrewd, calculating business man, to whom money is of first consideration, and Joe Frank Williams succeeded wonderfully in his role as the French marquis. His accent and manner caused a great deal of amusement. Besides the personnel of the cast, the costumes and the stage setting were big factors of success.

Taking it all in all, the Ardmore High School is very proud of the success of the play and very proud of those who were instrumental in its success.

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But from the milk I get at lunch
I know that there must be one.

STATE OF OKLAHOMA
LEE CRUCE GOVERNOR
OKLAHOMA CITY

March 1, 1912.

Editorial Staff of Criterion,
High School, Ardmore, Okla.

Gentlemen:

I want to thank you for sending me a copy of the February issue of The Criterion. It is a splendid paper, from a splendid editorial staff and from a splendid high school. Each member of my family read it with pleasure and enjoyment.

Yours truly,

Lee Cruce

LC-LW



Casting Bread Upon the Waters

Away back in 1862, at the beginning of the Civil War, there was a large flour mill in the thriving little village of Valley Mills, Mo. People came from many miles to have their corn ground by this mill, even though the price was high, and in return they received meal that was fine and very wholesome. Because of his prosperity, Mr. Wilson, the owner, had retired from the daily toil of life and entrusted the management to his friend, Mr. Stubbles. He was to exact high toll and neither sell or give grain, and well did he fulfill his requirements.

Near the little village lived the prosperous farmer, David True, and wife. Their only son Charles had been among the first to enlist in the army when the South called for volunteer. Mrs. Davis, a widow with a small child, who had recently moved from Arkansas, also lived near by. For, after her husband's death, realizing her condition and being a true soldier's wife, buried her sorrows deep in her heart and went to work with a will, planted her grain and awaited the harvest. But, alas! we know too well what happened. The enemy came through, and little was left. Scarcely had the first frost of winter covered the ground when her supply was exhausted.

It was then that she went to the manager of the mill, who refused to either sell or give her grain. What must she do? Her husband had given his life for his country, her child was sick from lack of food and starvation was staring them in the face. She was leaving the mill, with a heart full of sorrow and distress, when the farmer David True drove up with a load of grain. Seeing her troubled face, he said

"My good woman, you seem in distress. Can I help you?"

She told him her story, and the generous farmer bid her cheer up, as he would give her

enough grain for two months, free of toll. The woman was too full to express her gratitude, but her looks repaid him for his kindness.

When Mr. True returned home, he told his wife of the widow and his gift. Mrs. True was glad, and after a few moments said:

"David, our boy is in yonder ranks, and should he be wounded, some stranger might care for him and nurse him back to life. Let us do unto others as we would have them do unto us."

And, as a result, they took Mrs. David and child to live with them. She was very grateful for her new home and proved her gratitude by her continual thoughtfulness of their welfare. But as winter merged into spring, the child sickened and died, leaving Mrs. Davis with a second sorrow.

About this time the enemy began pilfering and plundering many homes, leaving destruction in their path. So, one day, while Mr. True and wife were in the village, the enemy attacked the True home and compelled Mrs. Davis and the servants to flee for their lives. They took what they could, hoping to meet Mr. True and wife in town, but in this they were disappointed, and were now forced to keep moving. After reaching the Indian Territory-Arkansas boundary and feeling safe, they stopped to camp for a few days. But they soon heard the fire of guns, and, upon investigation, found southern soldiers near them. As their provisions were low, Mrs. Davis applied to headquarters for relief. And, learning there was an epidemic of fever, she tendered her services as nurse. The offer was gladly accepted and in a short time she was at her post of duty. She passed from cot to cot, bathing fevered brows and cooling parched lips, and was called an angel of mercy.

After a day of steady work in the hospital, she took a short walk to rest her tired nerves.

And, to her great surprise, whom should she meet but Charles True? He was indeed glad to meet a friend of his parents and hear from home. So, while they spent the time talking of things most dear to a soldier's heart, the dusk of evening began to fall, and she returned to the hospital and he to his tent.

Days passed, the weather grew warmer, and new patients arrived, many to fill a soldier's grave. One day, when the weather was warmest, Charles True was stricken with the fever and sent to the hospital. Mrs. Davis was very sorry to see her friend sick, but determined, if possible, to nurse him back to health. She had not forgotten the kindness bestowed on her by the True family, and with new zeal she hoped and prayed for his speedy recovery.

With such care and nursing the fever slowly, but surely, left the patient. While he lay on his cot, he realized that he owed all to the good woman who had spared no pains for his comfort and welfare. And when he attempted to thank her, she only replied:

"You are gathering the bread that your parents cast on the water, so take it and be glad."

But while sick, he had learned to love the woman who was nursing him so well and patiently. So, ere he returned to duty, he told her of his love and greatest wish; and, with love light in her eyes, she promised to share

his victory or defeat, and help him rebuild their country and home.

He returned to his regiment, while she remained at the hospital, relieving many, and ever hopeful for the struggle to end. Days passed, a month rolled by, and ere long a year, and then two years. Oh, would it never end? Ah, at last, it came, after the battle of Appomattox, when the soldiers surrendered all and started back to loved ones, to a defeated land, a destroyed home and a ravaged country. But to Charles True there was a light, a guiding star, the hope of meeting the one awaiting him. The news of the defeat was received with sorrow at the hospital, yet in Mrs. Davis' heart there was joy, as she awaited the soldiers' coming with anxiety.

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. True had rebuilt their home, and learning where Mrs. Davis was, went at once to bring her back, for they had become attached to her. But just before their return trip Charles True arrived at the hospital to claim and fulfill his long-cherished wish. After a few words of greeting, Mrs. Davis said she had a surprise for him, and led him into the tent, when he found his parents. What a happy reunion! How proud the parents were to know that Mrs. Davis was to be their daughter. Then Mr. True, after thanking God for the protection and safe return of their son, said:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."



Some Marks of Growth

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

after careful preparation, to the recitation. Monthly meetings of all the city teachers have followed these studies, when the best things learned have been brought out by the individual teachers. This course has been more than the equal of a short summer normal, for it gave an opportunity of bringing theory into immediate practice. As a direct result, Superintendent Richards declares, the teaching has improved 100 per cent during the year.

In addition to the above, the teachers have singly and then collectively worked out a course of study for the Ardmore schools. This has brought home to each teacher the special needs of the work as nothing else could have done. This will form the basis of an entirely new course for the city schools, which will be put into operation next session.

Another innovation of the year is the keeping in the superintendent's office and in the office of each principal a card file of every pupil in the city system. Besides being a full scholastic record, this card has on the reverse side a complete physical history of the pupil, noting any bodily defects which might impede his progress. This card-file index, of both teachers and pupils, has been a great convenience, and has already given large results.

Again, blanks for daily reports to the principals have been furnished the teachers, and these have been faithfully made out from day

to day. By these, the principals and the superintendent can know just what each teacher does each day, and where they are in the various texts. All this has meant much of work and time, but the teachers have done it cheerfully and in the spirit of growth.

Another plan which is to be put into operation in the Ardmore schools is that of dividing the calendar year into four terms of twelve weeks each, with promotions at the end of each term. This will have the advantage of allowing no one to fail on more than three months of school work until opportunity is given of making good the failure. It will mean, too, that the long and too-often dangerous, summer vacation will be turned to good account. The plan has many strong points to offset the relatively few disadvantages.

Another feature of the work is the insertion of another full year's work above the eighth grade, thus making the school in every sense a full four-year high school, with a minimum requirement of sixteen units for graduation.

A new high-school building has long been needed. Bonds for its erection and equipment were voted some three years ago, but nothing more was done till the present session. Superintendent Richards has been untiring in agitating the matter, with the result that the bonds have been sold, the site selected, the contract let and actual construction begun. This \$100,000 building will give to Ardmore the much-needed equipment, and will place her on a



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Some of the greatest improvement has been seen in the high school. An enrollment of 172, almost half of them boys, sets a new record. In the senior class of thirty-five there are almost as many boys as girls. There has been a gradual increase of attendance of boys for the past three or four years, due to the putting into the schools those things which appeal to the boy. The proposed manual training and domestic science courses will be a new force for holding students in high school.

Athletics has reached a stage a long way in advance of anything even dreamed of three years ago. Our victories in football and track have attracted statewide attention. Interscholastic contests with the leading high schools of the state were unknown until three years ago. A small beginning was then made, and the growth has been wonderful. Only *bona fide* students are allowed in any contest. These must be absolutely amateurs, must be making



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His training they all do show.

Mr. Hodges, the principal,
This year to us came back.
He teaches mathematics,
And helps in field and track."

Mr. Briggs, the English teacher,
Teaches public speaking, too.
You'd like him if you knew him—
People always do.

* * *

Lords of exams, erstwhile divine,
Beneath whose glance our grades decline,
Leave with us our text-books yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

POOR MARY!

Mary had a little book;
She studied it one day,
And when the teacher found it out
She fainted right away.

* * *

The freshmen are a merry bunch,
As sweet as sweet can be;
Very bright and blooming,
They're fresh and green, you see.

* * *

Willie studied chemistry,
Studied long and late;
Willie breathed chloride gas
He'll never graduate.

Exchange.

* * *

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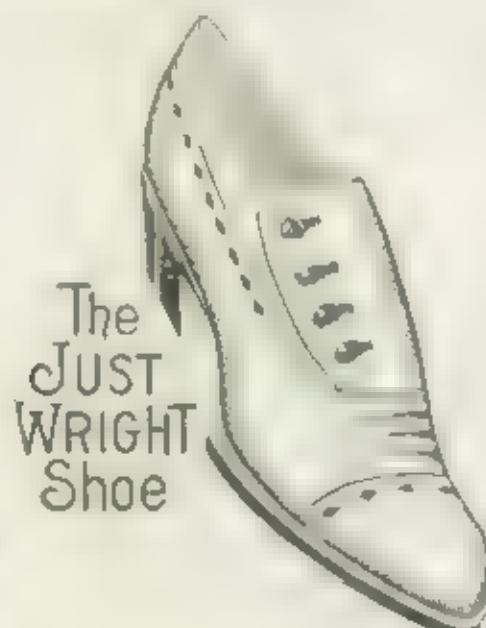
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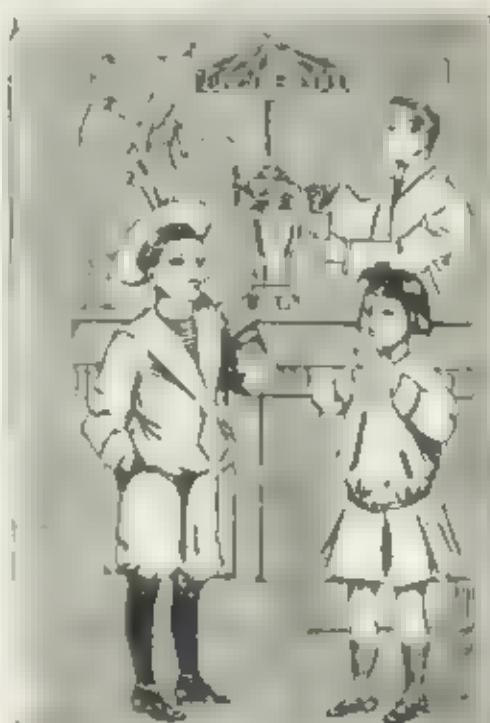
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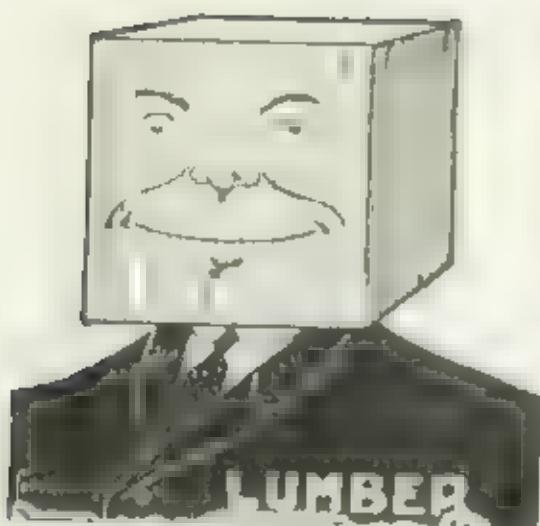
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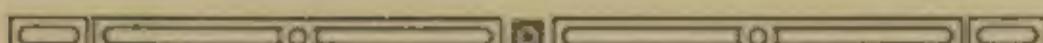
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